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FOURTH REITH LECTURE
By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

The Listener

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Quebec: the Chateau Frontenac and, in the background, the St. Lawrence river (see page 973)

In this number:

- Stalemate in Korea (Air Vice-Marshal C. A. Bouchier)
- The Dualism of Soviet Policy (Sir David Kelly)
- Man and Energy (A. R. Ubbelohde)
- Two Birds from a Spanish Cage (Laurie Lee)



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The Listener

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1241

Thursday December 11 1952

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The Stalemate in Korea

By Air Vice-Marshal C. A. BOUCHIER

WHEN I packed a bag and flew to Korea in July, 1950, this was the situation: the North Korean Army, 200,000 strong, equipped with Russian heavy artillery and spearheaded by more than 200 Russian tanks, had already blasted their way across the 38th parallel, captured Seoul, and, in breaching the defences of the Han river, had wiped out half the South Korean Army. Indeed, flushed with their initial success, armoured columns of the North Korean Communist Army were already charging down all the roads into South Korea, their objective being to complete the annihilation of the South Korean Army before any outside help could come to their aid.

Such was the picture confronting General MacArthur when, early in July of 1950, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations Forces—and charged with pulling this well-nigh impossible situation out of the fire. Some 800 miles away in Japan were four weak American divisions. Commandeering every available aeroplane and ship, MacArthur began his race against time to save the remnants of the South Korean Army from complete destruction.

The American 24th Division was first in—lifted into Pusan piecemeal, by air and by sea. The 1st Cavalry and 25th Divisions followed. A week or two later from the United States came the 2nd Division and a Marine Brigade. And then, to our everlasting credit, our gallant little British 27th Brigade arrived from Hong Kong—the First Battalions of the Middlesex Regiment and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. Their arrival at Pusan in August, 1950, I know gladdened more than the heart of MacArthur: it rang a bell all over America and set the pattern for the rest of the free world to follow—to lend a hand in the urgent and desperate situation in Korea, in which America found herself

standing so very much alone. How this small force of British, American, and South Korean units, fighting 'back to back', stemmed the tide of aggression in that small Pusan bridgehead has now passed into history.

I saw much of our 27th Brigade on the Naktong river in those early, anxious days, and I was very proud of them. In September I was with them again when they broke out of the bridgehead, following MacArthur's master-stroke, the amphibious landing at Inchon, which, in cutting the enemy's lines of communication and supply, was so soon to break, to rout, and to destroy the whole North Korean Army.

In the bitter winter of November, 1950, I flew up to them again above Sinanju, when the Middlesex and the Argylls were but a couple of days' march from the Yalu river. But then, just as it seemed the war was all over, the Chinese armies came in, and the long retreat back again began. Over the next six months the Chinese launched a series of 'all out' offensives, calculated by sheer force of numbers to push us into the sea. The last and greatest of these was the Chinese fifth offensive of April and May, 1951. In this last big enemy action of the war the Chinese, alone, suffered 150,000 casualties. The Chinese were so shattered and disorganised by these staggering losses that the word was passed back from Peking to Moscow that it was imperative for the Chinese armies in Korea to have an armistice. It was then, in June of 1951, that Russia's Mr. Malik put out his 'gentle hint' about an armistice—and we, with all the good faith in the world, accepted it at once, because we thought the enemy meant it. By that time the enemy had suffered over 1,000,000 casualties in one year of fighting in Korea.

Since then, for the past eighteen months at Panmunjom, the

communists have dangled the carrot of an armistice before our eyes, whilst behind our backs they have built up their strength in Korea from 500,000 men in 1951 to their present total of 1,000,000—and that is not by any means the whole story.

This communist army of 1,000,000 men can, perhaps, best be visualised something like this: the enemy employs about 300,000 to 350,000 troops in the front line. Behind the front line, spaced throughout North Korea, he has another 500,000 men, with which he can replace or reinforce his front-line units at varying stages of availability, while the remaining 200,000 of the enemy's total forces are tied down to the coastal defence of his east and west coasts—where the enemy is always nervous that one day we are going to launch another amphibious operation against him.

I am not going 'to give comfort to the enemy' by telling you the strength and disposition of our own forces. But this I will say—and upon it I stake my reputation—that the United Nations Command in Korea can smash anything the communists can throw against us, a fact that I believe the communists themselves are as fully aware of as we are. So much so that I think it extremely unlikely that the enemy will ever again be prepared to pay the colossal price of another 'all-out' offensive. That is not to say that, if the communists remain so regardless of human life as to want 'to try it on' once more, they could not 'dent' our line here and there at a price—because I think they could, using their 'human wave' tactics. What, however, the enemy will never again be able to do, in my opinion, is to burst through our defences in force, in the hope of achieving a major victory.

The enemy does, of course, enjoy the advantage over us of far greater numbers on the ground. But that advantage is more than offset by the great destructive power of our air forces which, night and day, roam the skies over all North Korea, virtually unopposed and unchallenged by the enemy, particularly in the battle area, where our fighters and bombers, unmolested, provide unlimited close air support to our own troops. And in the rear areas, our bombers have destroyed, or are rapidly destroying, every power plant in North Korea, every port, every factory, every supply depot, dump, and storage area—indeed, every facility of the remotest military value to the enemy. I am sure it is true to say that it is our unchallenged air power which dominates the military situation in Korea, and will continue to dominate it as long as the 'shooting' war continues.

Meanwhile, the communist air forces, based on their distant Manchurian airfields because of their continued inability to establish for themselves airfields inside North Korea, remain wholly impotent to influence the tide and course of the Korean war, or to provide air support of any kind to their troops in the battle area.

In short, the situation in Korea today, as I see it, is one in

which both sides have dug themselves in defensively, in great strength and depth across the entire peninsula, and neither side is capable of inflicting a major defeat upon the other. We match the greater numbers of the enemy by the unchallenged and great destructive power of our air forces. In fact, the situation is one of permanent military stalemate. But should the enemy ever persuade us to agree to a 'cease fire' before the full and final terms for an armistice have been agreed upon, a 'cease fire' which would, automatically, ground and immobilise our air forces and, thereby, allow the enemy, behind our backs, to establish military airfields inside North Korea, then the situation could rapidly change to one so unfavourable to ourselves as to jeopardise the very security of our own forces in Korea.

I have known intimately Admiral Joy, the man who for more than a year conducted the armistice negotiations for our side, and more recently General Harrison. In spite of the slander and the insults hurled at them daily across the armistice table by the communists, these two high-minded American officers have conducted our affairs at Panmunjom with a patience and restraint, with a strength and dignity, and with an integrity of purpose beyond all praise. Make no mistake, they have served us well. No men on earth could have done better or achieved more. Admiral Joy, speaking to me of his experiences at Panmunjom, said that 'if there are some people who still believe that the enemy can be moved by logic, or that he is susceptible to moral appeal, or that he is willing to act in good faith, then those remaining few should get their heads seen to'. And he added that future textbooks could set down this maxim: that the speed with which agreement is reached with the communists varies directly as the military pressure applied, and that the worth of any agreement is in proportion to the military strength you are able and willing to apply to enforce it.

And now about an armistice. As a purely private opinion (and, of course, I could be very wrong), I honestly do not believe we are going to get an armistice and peace in Korea until there is a real change of heart in the Kremlin, and Russia gives the word to go ahead with it. If I could think of one good reason why Russia should want to 'call it a day' in Korea—where she fights her battles with Chinese soldiers—I would think differently, but I cannot. Which all seems to add up to the fact, as I see it, that, sooner or later, we have got to have a 'show-down' with Russia, put our cards on the table, and demand peace.

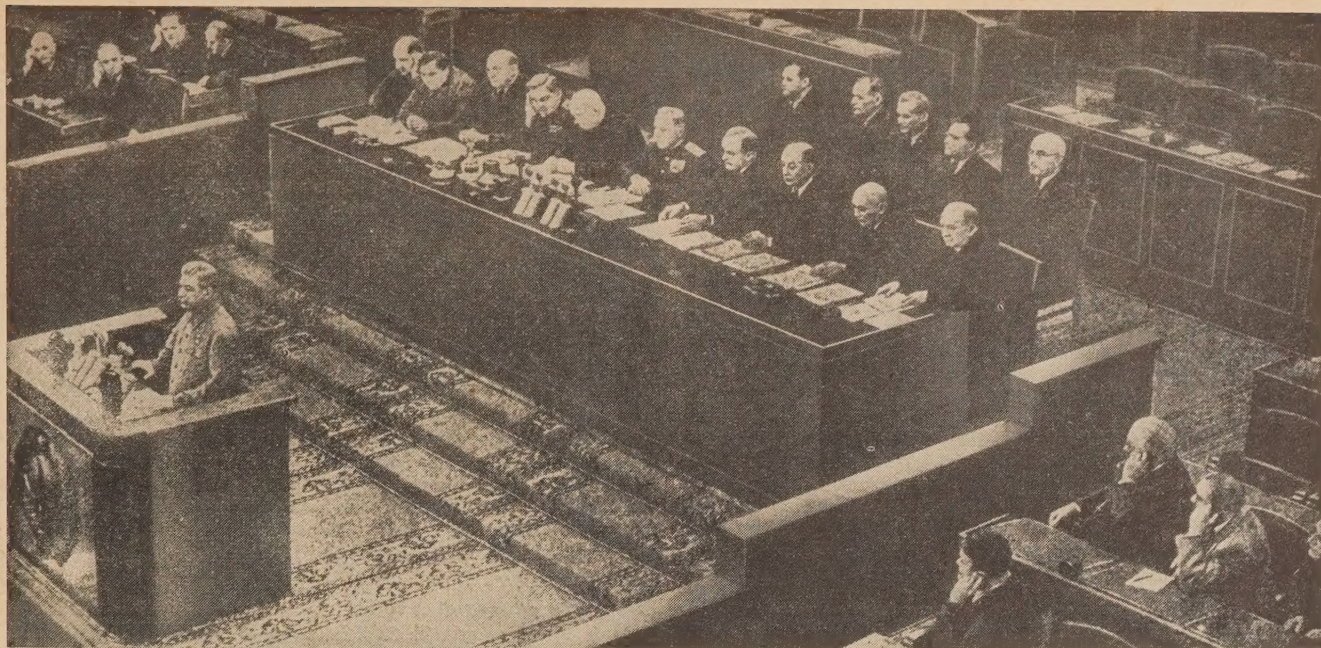
Korea has been the first test of the spirit that binds together the nations of the free world, and that test has been passed with flying colours. Nothing can erase the tragedy that is Korea. But if Korea has taught us that in unity lies the strength that will preserve our freedom, then Korea has not been in vain.—*Home Service*

The Dualism of Soviet Policy

By SIR DAVID KELLY

THE nineteenth party congress in Moscow has once more disappointed the speculators who are always looking for sensational developments in Russian foreign policy. Soviet policy, so long at least as Stalin is in control, does not work by fits and starts: it follows a rhythm which is recognisable as soon as one has grasped—as is now at last beginning to be understood—that it is a dual policy, or rather two alternating policies serving one ultimate purpose. That purpose is the fulfilment of our 'epoch', which the Soviets date from the Revolution of October 1917, by the achievement of world-wide Communism: one policy which they call the strategy, pursues world revolution openly and directly; the other policy, defined as the tactical line over a given short period, is centred on the defence of the Soviet State.

This dualism, which is the key to the apparent zigzags and changes of Soviet policy, though specially a characteristic of their international relations, has also been a recurring motive in their internal affairs; and the recent party congress has given examples of both lines and in both spheres. Thus in foreign relations the congress in itself, while making no substantial changes, conveyed a general impression of reassurance and tranquillisation. The rank and file of the party (which Lenin had intended to be the actual ruler of Russia) were encouraged by the limelight on their representatives after thirteen years' drudgery, by the loud encouragement to criticism of local 'Jacks in office' and also by the seemingly expanded basis of the central government, with a central committee of 235 (including 110 non-voting 'candidates') and a praesidium of thirty-six (including eleven candidates) made up of



Stalin making the closing speech at the nineteenth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, at the Kremlin on October 14

regional party leaders and the new grade-one technicians who fill all the ministerial posts. It must be only a semblance—for the real decisions will obviously continue to lie with Stalin and his closest associates. But, above all, a reassuring impression has been intended, not merely on the party rank and file, but on all Soviet citizens, and also on the masses in the non-Soviet camp, in certain of the statements made by Stalin himself regarding foreign relations: first in his famous article in *Bolshevik* of October 2, and then in his comparatively short speech at the congress on October 14.

In the last part of the article, Stalin told his readers that those comrades were wrong who regarded the contradictions between the capitalist and Soviet camps as greater than the contradictions within the capitalist world itself. He referred especially to the third of the famous three internal contradictions which are to disintegrate the capitalist world—between capital and labour, between colonials and imperial governments, and between the imperial governments themselves. For, said Stalin, the most important economic consequence of the last war was the break-up of the single world-market, and the beginning of this process had also been a cause of the war, for the two capitalist coalitions had 'sought this way out of the crisis'. The United States coalition did indeed eliminate Germany and Japan, but, in the process created the rival world-markets of Russia and China and the European satellites, and by economic blockade instead of strangling this rival socialist world-market only strengthened the high-speed industrial development within it. The United States coalition is trying, said Stalin, to overcome the loss of this market by Korean wars and Marshall plans, 'as a drowning man who clutches at a straw', but the result, as in 1939, will be war between the capitalist countries, for war with the Soviet Union would be more dangerous to the capitalists than war between each other; and ultimately capitalist Britain, and then capitalist France, will break away from the clutches of the United States, and so will Germany and Japan.

This diagnosis was clearly in line with the reassuring statements which, as the Italian Communist Nenni told his western friends, Stalin had made to him, to the effect that he did not anticipate any western aggression; and the whole effect is to reassure not merely the western peoples, but also the mass of ordinary Russians, who fear a new war as much as we do, and it represents a real change of tone from the aggressive 'now we shan't be long' attitude adopted by Zhdanov and Malenkov in the post-war period, when they launched the Cominform and declared that the balance of power had now shifted definitely over to the Soviet camp.

The same sort of impression seems to underlie, if more subtly, Stalin's speech of October 14. Here the main theme is that the bourgeois

democratic parties in the capitalist camp have abandoned their traditional defence of the 'so-called freedom of the individual', which now is restricted to those who have capital; and secondly, have abandoned their traditional defence of national freedom and independence. 'Now no trace remains', said Stalin, 'of this national principle . . . the bourgeoisie sells the rights and independence of the nation for dollars'. So the Communist parties in the capitalist states must 'raise the banner of bourgeois democratic freedom thrown overboard by the bourgeoisie', and must raise the banner of national independence and national sovereignty, equally thrown overboard by the bourgeois themselves. Thus, while the ultimate theoretical objective of world revolution remains unchanged in the background, the emphasis in current propaganda is to be switched to personal freedom versus the capitalists, and national freedom versus North American domination—and here again the implication is intended to be reassuring.

It will, I think, be apparent from the foregoing that, as has periodically occurred, Stalin while seeming to state a new policy has in fact turned the spotlight on parts of the doctrine which had been temporarily in the background. The danger of aggression from capitalist-imperialism falls back and the inevitability of war between rival capitalisms comes forward; and the appeal to the principle of nationalism against the treason of bourgeois governments is in line with the attitude of the Soviet regime. For, as should now be well known, the old socialist ideal of internationalism has been publicly condemned as a main weapon in the 'ideological arsenal' of imperialism, acting through its false socialist lackeys: its object is to disarm the peoples in their resistance to American world domination.

At the same time, a 'new look' has been given to national sentiment by the novel and ingenious conception of 'Soviet Patriotism', which means that in a state with a 'proletarian dictatorship', the normal patriotic emotion is both reinforced and, as it were, sublimated through its identification with the wider loyalty to socialism and the proletarian dictatorship, thus establishing a patriotic bond between all Communist parties and the socialist motherland.

The relationship between the Soviet Union Government itself and the numerous national minorities inside it is a fascinating subject, but too complex to be dealt with in this connection. Let us turn back to a long and important section of Stalin's article of October 2 which dealt specially with Russian internal policy, and which, in contrast to the international programme, was directly linked with the long-term ultimate objectives of the revolution. I refer to his lengthy discussion of the agrarian problem. The background must be stated in the simplest terms. The revolution had abolished the Tsarist compromise between landlord and free tenant, creating for the moment a

population of peasant landowners, which of course was utterly contrary to any kind of Marxism. In the late 'twenties and the early 'thirties, Stalin effected a new agrarian revolution by grouping all farms into a network of collective group-farms, the *kolkhozes*. The peasant became a member of a collective self-governing farm-unit, which had the first call on his time and sold his produce to the state; he retained a personal allotment, and the right to sell individually the produce of his own leisure time. As is well known, many peasants, the Kulaks, resisted, and there was a heavy decrease in livestock, but the object was achieved.

Amalgamation and Mechanisation

Since the war, a second stage was initiated—the merging of the *kolkhozes* into a much smaller number of much larger units. Parallel with this amalgamation process has gone a great drive for mechanisation, with big tractor brigades operating from independent tractor-stations; and Mr. Andreyev, a former member of the Politburo, was disgraced for defending the old small-team system. A further tentative scheme for grouping the peasants' actual homes into central 'agro-towns' was put forward by Mr. Krushchev of the Politburo but was so unpopular that it was temporarily returned to the pigeon-hole.

So much for the background. Stalin sums up this background by asking what is the solution in countries where the industrial development is favourable to seizure by the proletariat, but where there are still numerous landowners; and by answering in Lenin's words that the solution is to develop industry so as to provide collective farms with the technical means for large-scale production. This stage has been achieved; but Stalin then points out that it leaves in operation the law of value which, with the abolition of commercial production, ought to disappear. Distribution of labour between the branches of production should be regulated not by the law of value but by the growth of the needs of society, and production should be regulated by the needs of society; but agricultural land, instead of becoming public property, has become the property of the group-collective farms, thereby involving the preservation of commodity exchange. With this goes the survival of the distinction between town and country, and all of this constitutes, Stalin says, a new problem of extreme importance which was not posed by the Marxist classics.

It is indeed a problem of extreme importance. It is not only that a commercial, market, pricing system remains which is fundamentally incompatible with the Communist idea. A merely theoretical anomaly can persist indefinitely; but there is the serious practical point that, while the urban proletariat has become virtually a soldier in the industrial army, liable to be kept at his job or moved thousands of miles, and completely enveloped in the all-pervading atmosphere of mass propaganda, the peasant remains a peasant, living much the same life as other peasants all over the world. Though most of his working time is devoted to the group farm—from which he receives his due share of profit in cash or kind—and though shock tractor-brigades appear at the appropriate seasons, the average *kolkhoz* remains in fact a conglomerate of individual farms, and the peasant's personal life is still governed by the slow rhythm of nature and the social life of the rural community.

More Man-power for the Cities

The drive for bigger and bigger *kolkhozes* was meant as a further step to the rationalisation of agriculture; with the twofold intention of assimilating the large mechanised units to industrial factory organisation and, through mechanisation, reducing the number of landworkers to provide more man-power for the cities. The proposed grouping of the farmers' homes into new central settlements, already mentioned, belongs to the same order of ideas. This sounded very well in the ministries in Moscow, but even a slight experience of farming teaches one that, however many machines you use, you can never turn a farm into a factory or make the farm worker resemble Charlie Chaplin on the conveyor belt in a famous film. Stalin says that the distinction between agriculture and industry lies primarily and chiefly in the fact that in industry they have public ownership of the means of production and of their product, while in agriculture they have no public property but group property, collective farm property. Though, for the reasons I have already suggested, this is not the only main difference, it is certainly very important; for it points to the fact that the new giant *kolkhozes* are becoming powerful corporate bodies and vested interests. They run up to many thousands of acres, with many thousands of livestock, and on the two *kolkhoz* farms I visited, the man-power and

woman-power employed was considerably greater per acre than would be used over here.

In short, the Communist planners are confronted with great commercial co-operative organisations of peasants, and at the seventh session, on October 8, Mr. Ponomarenko in the course of a long speech contrasting the misery of capitalist farmers with the progress of Soviet farming, said significantly that 'this year collective farmers are making a net profit amounting to several milliard roubles'; that Comrade Stalin has set the task of developing a barter system substituting manufactured goods for money; and that 'with inspired perspicacity Comrade Stalin has established the tremendous importance, for the cause of building a Communist society, of the development of the beginnings of barter, of an extensive system of exchange which will be a realistic and decisive means of raising collective farm property to the level of national property'. On the following day Mr. Mikoyan, also in the course of a long glorification of Soviet agriculture, referred similarly to Stalin's new teaching that for the gradual transition from socialism to Communism a system of barter must gradually be introduced which 'will lead to the law of costs . . . ceasing to operate', and that they must 'exclude the surplus of the collective farm's production from the system of goods turnover without undue haste, but steadily and unswervingly, and include it in the system of barter between state industry and the collective farms'—'in other words', Mikoyan concluded, 'to prepare for gradual transition to the Communist method of distribution of the products of labour'.

Flexibility of Soviet Tactics

So it would seem that Stalin's recent directives, for which the nineteenth party congress provided the background and the appropriate occasion, illustrate again the flexibility of Soviet tactics and the persistence of the underlying theoretical objectives. In the international sphere he has reasserted the relatively reassuring element of the doctrine; that element which assumes that time is on the side of the world revolution because the capitalist imperialist camp is doomed to inevitable disintegration through its internal contradictions. The loss of the market provided by the countries now in the Soviet camp, combined with the military strength of that Soviet camp, will force the leading imperialist powers to fight among each other for the shrunken market which remains; and the task of the Communist parties, morally fortified by the example and encouragement of the Soviet Union, is to hasten this process by raising the banner of proletarian freedom against bourgeois tyranny, and of national freedom against the bourgeois international conspiracy controlled from the rival kremlin in Wall Street. While this postponement of the ultimate conflict can be properly classed under the heading of short-term tactics, this does not necessarily mean that it is insincere. The belief in the inevitability of the disintegration of capitalism is an integral part of the fundamental doctrine, which Stalin has described as a 'compass' which is their infallible guide; and the most likely assumption is that in returning to this interpretation Stalin is saying what he really means. The two essential factors in the situation as seen from Moscow are, one, that the capitalist camp is at present too strong militarily for a clash with it to be worth while; and, two, that sooner or later that camp must achieve its own ruin by internecine war.

In the home sphere, on the other hand, Stalin seems to have decided that the tactical opportunist compromise with the survival of capitalism, in the shape of the country folk organised in commercial collective farms, is an anomaly and an obstacle to the completion of the revolution which can no longer be tolerated. This anomaly is arresting the transition to the ideal Communist society and the time has come for the siege of this last citadel, as he said, 'without undue haste, but steadily and unswervingly'. If he really means to fight this issue to a finish in Russia itself and not merely in central Asia, it is a very big decision. It would mean that the state-controlled industrial machine is at last really engaging in a conflict with some of the most obstinate and intractable elements in human nature—the inarticulate but dogged and instinctive feeling of the men and women on the land, who can exploit nature only by co-operating with nature's mysterious laws.—*Third Programme*

An article on the way Ceylon is again developing its food producing areas appears in the November number of *Eastern World* (price 2s.). Other articles include 'Scottish Engineering and the Colombo Plan' by John Sherret, and 'Hyderabad and Troubles in South India' by Sir William Barton.

Ceylon's Relations with Communist China

By QUINTUS DELILKHAN

VAST changes are taking place in contemporary Ceylon. Our new-found freedom is quickening the pace in many directions in the life of the people. It augurs well for the future that, in the critical times through which we are passing, we have faith more in men than in measures. The Government has the full confidence of an overwhelming mass of the people of the country, and especially of the peasantry, on whom it has bestowed a special amount of care. After centuries of neglect, the peasant is coming into the possession of his rightful heritage. This is eminently fit and proper, as agriculture is the heaviest determining factor in the country's prosperity.

Democratic Leanings

We have also a powerful and independent press in Ceylon capable of exerting a vital influence in shaping public opinion. When conflicts occur, they are sometimes apt to be very angry and acrimonious. One such recent clash is worth noting. It occurred over opposite claims to interpret the attitude of the United Kingdom to the trade agreement that Ceylon was recently negotiating with China. One newspaper maintained that your Government would not disapprove of such an agreement. The other newspaper affirmed that disapproval of the agreement was inevitable. Proof and counter-proof followed in rapid succession and the public was content to wait upon the event. It must be said that the majority of the people of Ceylon have strong democratic leanings, and were accordingly disturbed at the possibility of political repercussions which might be injurious to our present democratic solidarity if a long-term agreement were entered into with Red China, though it would ease the immediate food situation which was weighing heavily on the mind of the Government and of the people. Most people were, therefore, of the opinion that a short-term agreement might have sufficed, but there were others who felt that the pattern of our trading interests should be given a new and experimental bias towards Asian centres which are prepared to pay higher prices for our exports and which are also willing to sell us the products we need from them at very competitive rates.

The violence and trenchancy of such conflicts can be understood only against the background of the tremendous pressures we are undergoing at various points of our economic life in this country. We import about twice the amount of rice which is being produced in Ceylon. Very high prices, for some time now, have to be paid for the rice we obtain from varied and uncertain sources. The Government buys dear and sells cheap to the people, and its subsidisation is an immense and recurrent drain on the public revenue. The Government dislikes raising the cost of living in the slightest degree. Our problem accordingly is to produce more rice by both intensive and extensive cultivation.

Ceylon's present position is one of extreme economic peril. Our economy is undiversified and delicately balanced. About ninety per cent. of our annual revenue is derived from our tea, rubber and coconut exports. Any drop in the prices fetched by these commodities in the world market is reflected in the instantaneously diminishing prosperity of the country. We are facing such a situation now, and it is only because of the anxiety of the Government to relieve the present tension that it decided to enter into a long-term agreement with China. The Government has made it clear that the dealings in rice and rubber are trade deals. Red political pressure will at all times be resisted. The second mission to China is for the purpose of making necessary adjustments. It is worth noting that independence has made both the Government and the people resentful of interference in its internal affairs by any force from outside. We are, at the same time, honourably and deliberately anxious to maintain unimpaired, as far as possible, and within reason, the bonds of friendship with the Commonwealth countries and other great democracies. We are in no mood, as a people, to play with our liberty, which is the instrument by which we hope to build the whole future of our country into a strong and enduring prosperity. Under every trying circumstance, we

shall keep firmly to our democratic moorings. We desire for ourselves only the co-operation and friendly service to which our present need entitles us in the democratic set-up to which we belong.

Our new contact with China has become a source of inexhaustible satisfaction to the revolutionary leaders and to their followers. Red China is being placed in an exaggeratedly favourable light. Their propaganda, however, has been too precipitate, obvious, and unguarded, in spite of some of their leaders being men of great strategic skill and on occasion of quick and resourceful wit. I asked one of them once what he would do with me if the Communists came into power, and he promptly answered: 'Why, put you in a political kindergarten, of course'. This was his deft protest against my writing a series of fourteen articles against Communism in the journal of the United National Party which is the democratic and Government party. We both smiled, because we both equally knew that a communist kindergarten would be no laughing matter. I volunteered to describe a Moslem leftist friend's religion in a formula which I had seen in some book and which read: 'There is no God, and Karl Marx is his prophet'. His laugh was the loudest. But, of course, there is the gloomy and fanatical type of revolutionary, who, the younger he is, is also the more intolerably serious and implacable.

I can confidently affirm that, in spite of many difficulties, the people do not fear for the country's future. The elections last May put the present Government comfortably in the saddle. Though there was some sporadic discontent, the people showed that they are at heart soundly democratic. The revolutionary parties were bold in their expectation of attaining power, though one of the leading members of the opposition group is rumoured to have stated that the last job he would think of accepting would be the prime ministership, because he would be called upon to carry out all the impossible schemes which he had recommended as easily achievable. It is good for Ceylon that its people are not enamoured of revolutionary ideologies. The present Government can claim to interpret truly the mind of the country on the large majority of public issues.

The Colombo Plan

The Government has justified the confidence placed in it by the people, by its immense and multifarious national service. The second-year plan will cover much wider ground than the first. The Government is now concentrating on the development of agriculture as of primary importance, and, in a less intense way, upon industry. The Colombo Plan has provided expert advice and assistance on a large scale. This is another effective contributory cause towards making Ceylon more stable and prosperous. In almost every department of the life of the country there is a continuous process of experimental development going on, and there is ground for the hope that we would, at some not too distant period of time, be able to regard ourselves as a really prosperous people.

The ancient Sinhalese, wise in their day, in land which is now arid, but which is being reclaimed, acre by reluctant acre, built gigantic storage tanks, feeding in turn thousands of lesser tanks, and making vast spaces in this country blossom like the rose. Their skill was marvellous, and there is no reason why Ceylon should not once again become the granary of the east, with the tender waving green of abundant fields of paddy to sustain her people. Ceylon can revive her past. It is not only a land of scenic beauty but a land of immense fecundity of the soil. 'Ceylon', Sir Emerson Tennant said some decades ago, 'from whatever direction it is approached, unfolds a scene of loveliness unsurpassed, if it be rivalled, by any land in the universe'; and he adds, in a miraculously evocative phrase, that it is 'bright with the foliage of perpetual spring'. Ceylon has been no obscure backwater of the world. Whether for trade or conquest, it has laid a spell from the earliest up to modern times, on the Phoenicians, the Arabs, the Greeks, the Chinese even, and on modern European nations. The old imperialisms have passed away. Today we want only co-operation among the democratic nations so that prosperity may once again cover the land with a multitudinous abundance.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 2d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Present Time

EVEN the most austere are not immune from the spirit of Christmas. Some may resent the Christmas 'box', that is, if they are not on the receiving end, others may be distraught by thoughts about the shape of their bank balance on January 1, and the conscientious may worry over whether their gifts are suitable, but few or none lives in so ivory a tower as to be aloof from it all. Only recently a popular American film reproduced for us the pathetic O. Henry story of the wife who sold her hair to buy her husband a watch chain and the husband who sold his watch to buy his wife an ornament for her hair. Most people have more of that O. Henry in them than the unreformed Scrooge. It is the time of year when not only do we all want to be millionaires but most of us behave as if we were. As to the problem of what we should buy, advice is never lacking: that is the one thing that we give most freely and which costs nothing. Today THE LISTENER joins in by publishing on the page opposite an extract from a broadcast talk on how to buy Christmas toys.

This year it is generally recognised that the selection of toys has been better than at any time since 1939. But children, unless they are *blase*, are not hard to please. Even if they are given the same toy twice, they will probably break it once, or can swap it. It is grown-ups who are the problem children. Here ingenuity is required. Fortunately shopkeepers and the advertising columns of the press are not backward with suggestions. If we look through the 'small ads.' in a daily newspaper we shall be amazed with the list of things we have never seriously thought of buying as Christmas presents. What about a tidal calendar? Or a barrel in which to grow strawberries? Or a stropping outfit? Or a tartan tie? Or a pipe 'for a fastidious smoker'? Or a gift-voucher for an opera? Or even (for a lady) a 'madonna blue' jumper? These suggestions have been culled at random. We are not offering a B.B.C. cachet. Moreover, one must not get one's presents mixed. Aunt Mary would probably not welcome a pipe however fastidious a smoker she might be, and Uncle George would be astonished by a madonna blue jumper. However, it is reported that some people keep drawers full of unwanted gifts and dole them out cautiously in the following year. But that procedure requires a higher power of administrative capacity than is usually devoted to a seasonal custom.

If the variety of gifts seems infinite, the problem of Christmas cards is less easy. It is true that there are many publishers of cards, and that the choice of robins, carol-singers, and rhymed couplets is large, but when one seeks something unusual one is liable to come 'unstuck'. Fancy or funny cards are to be found and there are always Old Masters. But the matter requires thought. For example, one may say to oneself that Hubert or Agatha is an intellectual and therefore we will dispose of them with an Old Master instead of a robin. But supposing Hubert or Agatha also takes the view that you are an intellectual, or at any rate need uplifting, and sends precisely the same Old Master to you by the same post? It is an embarrassing moment for everybody. Cards can of course be printed, which certainly gives them a personal distinction. Yet even then the recipient may be of the opinion that the sender has been too lazy to write either his name or his greetings. Possibly, since in most of us there is something of the rhymester or the artist, we ought to design our own cards? But that is a solution of perfection. For that matter, we can manufacture our own Christmas presents, if we feel inclined—and indeed some of us do. But the Division of Labour came in with Adam and Eve, and, on the whole, it has worked pretty well. Moreover, Christmas is a traditional institution and the traditional is what we expect. So let us conclude with the traditional quip: it is the spirit that counts.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the problem of Korea

ON DECEMBER 7, THE PRESIDENT of the U.N. General Assembly sent telegrams to the Chinese People's Government and to the North Korean authorities urging them to accept the Indian plan for a solution of the Korean problem. On the same day the North Korean radio once again denounced the Indian proposals as 'having nothing in common with a practical solution of the Korean issue'. It added 'We absolutely refuse to accept them'. Only the Soviet proposal, it said, would allow a genuine solution. Meanwhile, Chinese and Soviet broadcasts devoted much attention to the Soviet 'Peace' Congress and the forthcoming Vienna 'Peace' Congress, and also maintained that the American warmongers did not want an end of the Korean war, since the profits they were making out of it were concealing the 'phantom of a serious economic crisis which is steadily moving towards America'. Quoting *Pravda*, Moscow radio commented:

The peaceful foreign policy of the Soviet Union stands in contrast to the piratic, aggressive policy of the American-British warmongers... It is the ruling circles of the United States which bear the main responsibility for the criminal war in Korea...

Another Moscow broadcast, after emphasising the Soviet Union's 'peace' policy, pointed out that 'only hopeless fools can think that this peace policy is due to weakness'. The 'invincible might' of the socialist homeland had been demonstrated more than once—especially during the second world war. Should the Soviet people's love of peace be interpreted as 'weakness by the imperialist beasts of prey, they are due for a still more ignominious failure than befell their predecessors in a military gamble against the Soviet State'.

A typical communist comment on the Indian proposals came from the Polish radio. The adoption of the Indian resolution, it said, was brought about by American intrigue and demonstrated once more that the United Nations was being made to serve as the aggressive instrument of American policy. From India, the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as follows:

Neither the Soviet Union nor the Central People's Government of China can afford, in the negotiations which are likely to follow the passing of the resolution, to ignore the fact that all the nations of the world represented in the United Nations are behind the Indian resolution without a single exception, but for the Soviet bloc of five nations. While China is absolutely free to suggest any changes or modifications, it cannot disregard the history of the resolution and the manner in which it had to be altered to meet different points of view.

From Australia, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, after emphasising the overwhelming majority of member states who voted for the Indian plan, was quoted as commenting:

Such overwhelming support could not have been won for the resolution if it did not so plainly offer a key to a reasonable and humane settlement. Following its rejection by the Soviet bloc, the resolution can have only moral force; that is not negligible, for the blame for the failure of United Nations' peace efforts now lies incontrovertibly with the Kremlin.

If thousands of prisoners-of-war have good reason to fear repatriation to communist countries, the Slansky trial has shown that even the best communists may justifiably stand in fear of the gallows. From France, the Radical-Socialist *L'Aurore* was quoted as drawing a parallel between the fate of the Czech Communist leaders and that of the two veteran French Communist leaders, Marty and Tillon, whose dismissal from all their party posts was announced by the central committee of the French Communist Party on December 7:

How fortunate are Marty and Tillon who, on this side of the Iron Curtain—under the protection of bourgeois laws—only run the risk of expulsion from the party for deviationist activities. Marty and Tillon owe their lives to the Allied soldiers who are on guard on the Elbe.

Many western commentators forecast further trials of Communist leaders—especially in Hungary, Rumania and Poland. The tone of broadcasts from these countries last week on the lessons of the Slansky trial added weight to these forecasts. But one of the most interesting characteristics of these post-Slansky commentaries from the satellite radios was the anxiety they displayed to deny that the trial had any anti-Semitic significance. On the contrary, said Prague radio, it was Zionism which led to anti-Semitism; and the great international significance of the trial was that 'we have stamped out this nest of vermin, the Zionist agency of United States imperialism in Czechoslovakia'.

Did You Hear That?

HINTS ON BUYING CHRISTMAS TOYS

'BUYING TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS', said STEVEN HAMILTON in a Home Service talk, 'is a serious business—or should be, because, after all, this is supposed to be the great event of the year for children, and thoughtless gifts can mean real disappointment, sometimes for the parents as well. It is not only a serious business; the toy trade is big business.'

'I wonder how much of the capital put into the manufacture of toys is wasted through parents buying the wrong things for their children for their age? For instance, a friend tells me that he once bought a clockwork train for his small son. But the child did not want to watch the train running round and round a track. What he wanted to do was to hold it in his hand and watch the wheels buzz round. You see what I mean: perfectly good toy, but all wrong on the really important point—the child simply had not reached the age to appreciate it. I do think that it is a great temptation for parents to buy toys that they would enjoy, and to ignore, quite unconsciously, what the child wants. And that, I think, is wasting money.'

'I suppose it is a little impertinent to suggest what kind of toys you should buy, but I do think that in many ways the ideal toy is the kind you can add to—again, assuming that your child is of the right age. Take trains again: if you should happen to step on a rail when playing with your son's railway you can always buy another stretch of track, but if you ruin a toy which is complete in itself, it stays ruined. Birthday and the following Christmas provide opportunities for adding to the system, building it up over the years and solving forever the annual problem. The same thing applies to building sets, soldiers, and so on, and all these things, with the possible exception of toy soldiers, have a distinct educational value.'

'There is no reason why anyone should buy rubbish. Moreover, the Secretary of the National Association of Toy Retailers, whom I consulted, assured me that a good toy shop would always be willing to return faulty toys to the manufacturers for exchange, provided that the firm is a reputable one concerned with its good name. And the best way to ensure that you are buying good quality products is to go shopping at stores you can trust and where the sales staff know about toys.'

THE TEMPLE OF ANGKOR WAT

'Angkor Wat, in Cambodia, is one of the most breath-taking spectacles in the world,' said C. LESTOCK REID in a Home Service talk, 'and familiarity with it certainly does not breed contempt. Rather the reverse. When I first saw it, I just sat down and gazed for a fortnight; and the more I gazed the more I was impressed, frightened even. Who but the gods themselves could have built such a magnificent structure? If it was not the gods, who *did* build it? And when they had built it, why did they abandon it as soon as it was finished?'

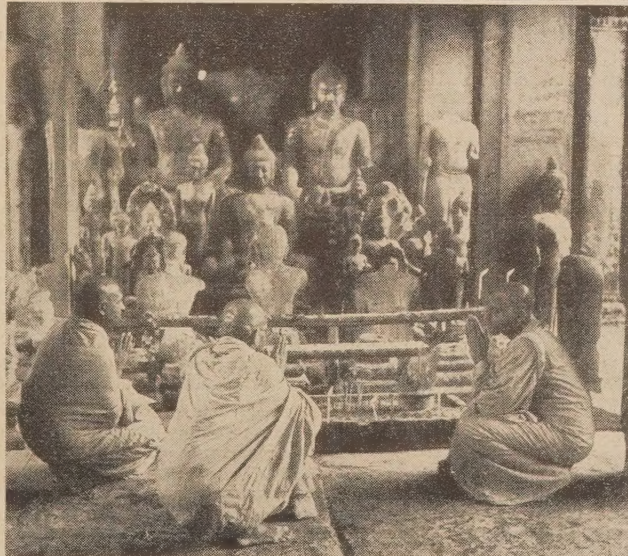
'There is no certain answer to either question, but any number of theories have been advanced. The one that seems most probable to me is that, somewhere about the beginning of the Christian era, a small body of Hindu adventurers made their way from India to what is now Cambodia, founded the Khmer dynasty, and forced their rule on a subject race greatly superior in numbers by means of one brilliant idea: the conception of the royal god, monarch and deity in one, the divine protector of the Khmers. A primitive people, however downtrodden, will hesitate

a long time before they dare to revolt against a combination of god and king—that was the idea.

'But clever as it was, it recoiled on the Khmers. They became terrified that the gods, by whose aid alone they retained their absolute power, would desert them unless they were bribed with bigger and bigger offerings. So in their desperate efforts to placate, they built and built and built, without any regard for architectural difficulty or human



One of the 'pine-apple towers' of Angkor Wat in Cambodia



Monks praying before ancient statues of Buddha in the temple

suffering, without any regard for the fact that the great blocks of stone had to be brought ninety miles from the nearest quarries by hand. Tens of thousands of serfs must have been killed in the process. They built and went on building until they reached the apotheosis of this orgy of construction in Angkor, the greatest building for sheer bulk ever erected on the face of the earth. They completed it at about the end of the fifteenth century, then they abandoned it and the jungle swallowed it up. Again, why? Plague has been suggested. Most unlikely in my opinion. It seems much more likely that the slaves did revolt at last, when they were goaded beyond endurance, and annihilated the masters who proved to be so far from divine. Then they fled in

superstitious terror. No one knows—no one will ever know for certain. But what a place for ghosts! Six centuries of absolute power, 6,000,000 cubic feet of stone, the minds and muscles and lives of more than 6,000,000 men had all ended in this desert bat-haunted sanctuary'.

THE LOST LAND OF LYONESSE

'The lost land of Lyonesse', said DINA DOBSON in a West of England Home Service talk, 'was supposed to be a tract of fertile country stretching from Land's End to the Scilly Isles. It contained many villages and 140 churches, according to the story told in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. All this was overwhelmed by a great flood on November 11, 1099. I am tempted to wonder if contemporaries said it was due to the wickedness of King William Rufus, but there is no hint of that in the stories.

'The men of the time seem to have realised the gradual sinking of the land, or, as it no doubt seemed to them, the rising of the sea, which had already stolen large pieces from the coast. Perhaps that was why one man, named Trevilian, escaped from the flood on his swift horse which carried him safely to a cave at Perranuthnoe in Cornwall. All that is left now between Land's End and Scilly is a cluster of rocks which fishermen call the City, or the Seven Stones, which they say is surrounded by the ruins of the vanished town. This story is told by the antiquary Camden, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I. He said that in his day windows and other furnishings were being taken up by fishermen on their hooks.

'The Scilly Isles and Cornwall were probably better known to the rest of the world in antiquity than any other part of Britain, for Strabo, a writer about contemporary with Christ, says that the Phoenicians came to them, also, as time passed, Greeks and Romans, all in search of tin. There were then ten islands, while now there are more than 140, so the land must have sunk since Roman times. They were called the Cassiterides, or tin islands. There are not any tin mines today except one, on the island of Tresco, and that is not ancient. This is what we should expect to find, for the tin mines would have been in the valleys, and so would have been drowned first. If the land were raised only sixty feet, Scilly would be one big island, starting from the north of Saint Martin's Isle and reaching south and west of Saint Agnes, almost to the Bishop's rock.

'Here archaeology has a part to play in telling the story of the lost land. When Mr. O. G. S. Crawford investigated the beaches of the Scilly Isles in 1927, he came to the conclusion that these islands and not ground beyond Land's End probably formed the fabled Lyonesse. On some of the islands the ancient stone walls continue under the tide mark, and can be traced for a long distance at low spring tide. These early walls were built in the same style as the walls dividing the fields today'.

'I MET THE BADGER AT VICTORIA STATION'

An albino badger was accepted at the London Zoo recently, but the Zoo is not the place for really wild woodland creatures, because it is not possible to give them their natural conditions. The caged albino soon lost interest in herself and let her white coat grow dirty and

shabby, so after she had had a family, which unfortunately she ate, it was decided to release her. EVELYN CHEESMAN spoke about this in 'Woman's Hour'.

'There are many badger lovers in England', she said, 'who know a great deal about these animals because they have studied their habits by the only satisfactory method, that is, by sitting up at night to watch them in the woods. One of my fellow badger watchers asked me whether I knew of any really wild woodland not too far from London, where the albino could be set free with a good chance of being undisturbed. And I did happen to know of a favourable place on the North Downs in Kent, so in the end it was decided that I should take her down there myself and have the pleasure of liberating her.

'I met the badger at Victoria Station and saw the crate safely deposited in the luggage van. There was only one change and the porter treated the crate with great gentleness, so my lady passenger had no extra jolting to frighten her.

'Then we arrived at our quiet country station and the most important part of the journey began. The crate had to be firmly attached to the back of a car, which is not a very easy proposition. With this accomplished, we drove slowly up the Downs, a little party of us, to a peaceful spot among the woods. On one side were beech woods knee-deep in brown dry leaves; chalk pits set with wild flowers; tangled woods with a great deal of undergrowth, where any number of shy animals can run about without being visible. No high road was near. The lane that runs past them is hardly fit for traffic and used only for farm carts. Twice a week a tradesman's car serves outlying cottages—and that is all. It was an ideal place.

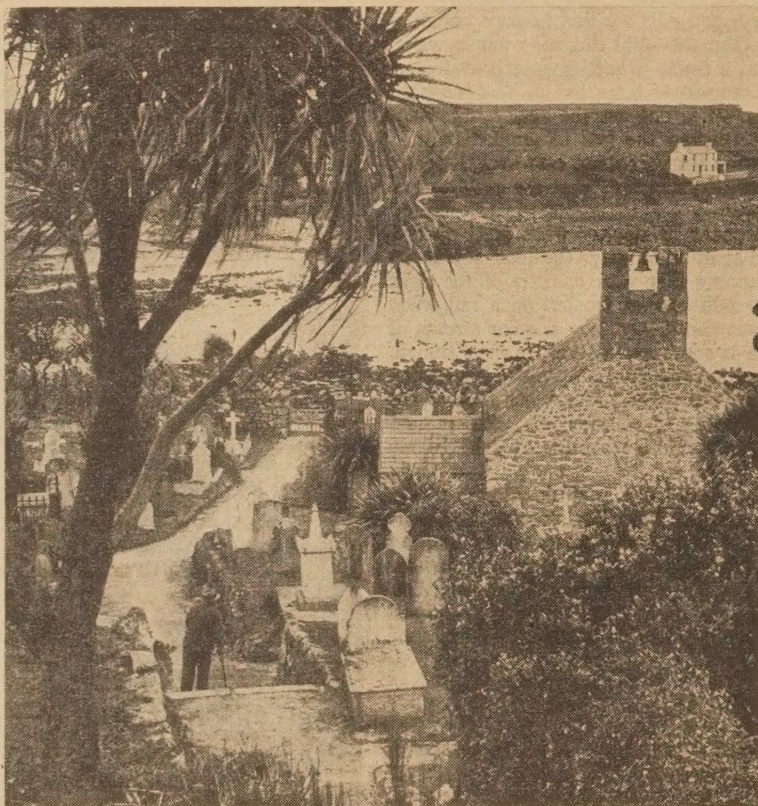
'I planned to let her take her own time when introducing her to her new home. I wanted her to start off without panic, and we all wanted to see as much of her as possible. So from the moment that the car turned into the last rutty lane between woods, nobody spoke

—not even a whisper. The badger was to forget all about human beings if we could help her to do so. It succeeded beyond my expectations. We backed into a little glade, and the wind was coming down the glade towards us as we stood behind the crate, and I gently raised the door.

'Nobody made a sound. The badger stood in the entrance waving her snout to and fro—she probably heard much more than we did, but only the good woodland sounds, and she had the exciting woodland smells which she had been obliged to forgo for eight months.

'It was twelve minutes before she moved, hardly daring to believe in that open door, and the woodland sensations were soaking into her all that time till she came out with a rush and scampered across the glade into the trees. We had an excellent view of her. The thick, white coat made her look like a white Highland terrier, rather stout and short on the leg. She was about four feet long.

'Then to see her ecstasy was pathetic. She rootled in the ground for the pleasure of snuffing up soil and damp leaves. She rubbed her face against stems and bark. She cantered round the bushes. And then she crossed the lane quite near the watchers without any fear. She had forgotten our existence. She drank water from the roots of a tree. She evidently had smelt the water from some distance away. Then she trotted off happily into a thicket of brushwood. Sooner or later she would meet others of her kind. Badgers are very nice to one another, they like strangers and are very hospitable'.



The old church of St. Mary's in the Scilly Isles which, some think, formed the fabled land of Lyonesse. These islands, with their rocky coastline, are survivors of a land which has probably sunk since Roman times. In the churchyard are graves of many people drowned off the islands

The Reith Lectures—IV

The World and the West: the Far East

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

IN my last talk I suggested that our western way of life was more foreign to the Hindus than it was to the Russians and the Moslems, because the Hindu way had in it no more than a minute dose of the Greek and Jewish ingredients that are the common heritage of Islam, Russia, and the west. The far east has still less in common with the west than the Hindu world has in its cultural background. It is true that in far eastern art the influence of Greek art is noticeable; but this Greek influence reached the far east through an Indian channel; it came in the train of an Indian religion—Buddhism—which captured the far eastern world as the Graeco-Roman world was captured by a Judaic religion, Christianity. It is also true that another Judaic religion—Islam—which spread over the greater part of India by conquest, spread, too, over the western fringes of China by peaceful penetration.

'Uncanny Visitants'

So the far east, like India, had already been played upon by influences from Graeco-Jewish world before it was assaulted by our modern western civilisation in the sixteenth century; but in the far east these pre-western Graeco-Jewish influences had been even slighter than they had been in India. They had been too slight to pave the way for the kindred western civilisation's advent. And so when, in the sixteenth century, the Portuguese pioneers of the western civilisation made their first landfalls on the coast of China and Japan, they descended there like uncanny visitants from some other planet.

The effect of this first modern western visitation on the far eastern peoples' feelings was mixed. It was an unstable mixture of fascination and repulsion, and, at this first encounter, the feeling of repulsion finally prevailed. This sixteenth-century wave of western intruders was thrown back into the ocean out of which it had broken so unexpectedly upon far eastern shores; and, after that, Japan, Korea, and China each closed her doors and set herself, as long as she could, to live as 'a hermit kingdom'. This, however, was not the end of the story. After the modern western intruders had been expelled from Japan in the seventeenth century and from China in the eighteenth century, they returned to the charge in the nineteenth century; and, at this second attempt, they succeeded in introducing the western way of life into the far east, as by then they had already introduced it into Russia and India and were beginning to introduce it into the Islamic world.

What differences in the situation can we see that will account for the difference in the result of these two successive western attempts to captivate the far east? One obvious difference is a technological one. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, western ships and weapons were not so decisively superior to far eastern ships and weapons as to give the western intruders the whip hand. In this first round of the encounter between the two civilisations, the far easterners remained masters of the situation; and, when they decided that they wanted to break the relation off, their western visitants were powerless to resist. But, when the westerners reappeared off the coasts of China and Japan in the nineteenth century, the weight was in the western scale of the balance of power; for, while Chinese and Japanese armaments were then still what they had been 200 years back, the westerners had made the industrial revolution in the meantime; they now came back armed with new-fangled weapons which the far eastern powers could not match; and, in these new circumstances, the far east was bound to be opened to western influences in one or the other of two ways. A far eastern hermit kingdom that tried to meet the new technological challenge from the west by ignoring it would soon see its closed doors battered in by western heavy guns. The only alternative was to keep the western intruders at arm's length by learning the 'know-how' of nineteenth-century western armaments; and this could be done only by voluntarily opening far eastern doors to the new western technology before an entry was forced. The Japanese were prompter than the Chinese in opting for, and acting on, this alternative policy of holding their own against the west by learning how to use and make the latest types of western weapons; but the Chinese, too, in the end, acted just in time to save themselves from India's fate of being subjugated by a western power.

This, though, is not the whole story. For, while the technological ascendancy gained by the west over the far east through a western industrial revolution may explain why the far eastern peoples found themselves compelled to open their doors to the western civilisation in the nineteenth century, we have still to explain why they had been moved to expel their western visitants and to break off relations with the western world in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This *dénouement* of the first encounter between the far east and the modern west is at first sight surprising; for, when the westerners had made their first appearance above the far easterners' horizon in the sixteenth century, the far eastern peoples had shown themselves rather ready to welcome these then quite unknown strangers and to adopt their way of life—much readier than they showed themselves 300 years later, when the westerners came again with the bad reputation that they had acquired on their first visit. Yet this second encounter, in which the far eastern peoples were decidedly reluctant to engage, ended in the reception of the western way of life in the far east, whereas the first encounter, which had begun with a welcome, had ended in a rebuff. What is the key to this remarkable difference between these two acts in the drama of the far east's encounter with the west?

The difference in the far eastern people's reaction to the western civilisation on these two occasions was not arbitrary or capricious. They reacted differently because the challenges with which they were confronted on the two occasions were not the same. In the nineteenth century the western civilisation presented itself primarily as a strange technology; in the sixteenth century it had presented itself primarily as a strange religion. This difference in the aspect displayed by the intrusive western civilisation explains the difference in the reaction that it aroused in far eastern hearts and minds at its first and at its second coming; for a strange technology is not so difficult to accept as a strange religion is.

Technology operates on the surface of life, and therefore it seems practicable to adopt a foreign technology without putting oneself in danger of ceasing to be able to call one's soul one's own. This notion, that in adopting a foreign technology one is incurring only a limited liability, may, of course, be a miscalculation. The truth seems to be that all the different elements in a culture-pattern have an inner connection with each other, so that, if one abandons one's own traditional technology and adopts a foreign technology instead, the effect of this change on the technological surface of life will not remain confined to the surface. It will gradually work its way down to the depths till the whole of one's traditional culture has been undermined and the whole of the foreign culture has been given entry, bit by bit, through the gap made in the outer ring of one's cultural defences, by the foreign technology's entering wedge.

A Revolution in Culture

In China and Korea and Japan today, a century or more after the date at which our modern western technology first began to penetrate these countries, we can see these revolutionary ulterior effects upon the whole of their culture taking place before our eyes. Time, however, is of the essence of this process; and a revolutionary result that is so clearly manifest to all eyes today was not foreseen by far eastern statesmen 100 years ago, when they were reluctantly taking their decision to admit this foreign technology within their walls. Like their Turkish contemporaries, they intended to take the west's technology in the minimum dose required for their own military security, and not to go beyond that. Yet, even if they had had some suspicion of the hidden forces that this mechanically propelled Trojan horse held in ambush within its iron frame, probably they would still have stood by their decision to wheel it in. For they saw clearly that, if they hesitated to adopt this alien western technology now, they would immediately become a prey to western conquerors armed with weapons to which they would then have no retort. The external danger of conquest by some western power was the immediate menace with which these nineteenth-century far eastern statesmen had to cope. By comparison,

the internal danger of being eventually captivated, body and soul, by the western way of life, as a result of adopting the western technology, was a more distant menace which must be left to take care of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Thus, in the nineteenth century, the adoption of a now overwhelmingly superior western technology appeared to far eastern statesmen to be a legitimate risk as well as an imperative necessity. And this explains why, this time, they took something from the west which was so little to their taste. It seemed to be at any rate a lesser evil than the alternative of being conquered and subjugated by the westerners whose weapons they were deciding to adopt as a policy of military and political insurance. On the other hand, the western question with which these nineteenth-century far eastern statesmen's seventeenth-century predecessors had had to deal had presented itself in quite a different form.

An 'Irresistibly Attractive Religion'

In this first encounter with the west, the immediate danger which Japanese statesmen had to parry was not the danger of seeing their country conquered by western soldiers armed with irresistibly superior new-fangled weapons; it was the danger of seeing their people converted by western missionaries preaching an irresistibly attractive foreign religion. Possibly these seventeenth-century Japanese statesmen had no great objection to western Christianity in itself; for, unlike their seventeenth-century western Christian visitants, seventeenth-century far easterners were not infected with the religious fanaticism which their western contemporaries had inherited from Christianity's Jewish past and were displaying, in this age, in domestic religious wars in their European homeland. The Chinese and Japanese statesmen of the day had been brought up in the more tolerant philosophical traditions of Confucianism and Buddhism, and they might not have objected to giving a free field to another religion if they had not suspected the western Christian missionaries' religious activities of having an ulterior political motive.

What the Japanese statesmen feared was that their countrymen whom these foreign missionaries were converting to western Christianity would imbibe their adopted religion's fanatical spirit, and that, under this demoralising influence, they would allow themselves to be used as what, in the west today, we should call 'a fifth column'. If this suspected design were to succeed, then Portuguese or Spaniards, who in themselves were not a serious menace to Japan's independence, might eventually contrive to conquer Japan through the arms of Japanese traitors. In fact, the Japanese Government in the seventeenth century outlawed and repressed Christianity from the same motive that today is moving twentieth-century western governments to outlaw and repress Communism; and it has been an element that is common to these two western faiths—the fanaticism inherited by both of them from Judaism—that has been the stumbling-block in any Asian country in which Christianity has been propagated.

An aggressive foreign religion will, in fact, manifestly be a more serious immediate menace than an aggressive foreign technology will be to a society that it is assailing; and there is a deeper reason for this than the danger of the converts being used as 'a fifth column'. The deeper reason is that, while technology plays only upon the surface of life in the first instance, religion goes straight down to the roots; and, though a foreign technology too may eventually have a deeply disintegrating effect on the spiritual life of a society in which it has once gained a footing, this effect will take some time to make itself apparent. For this reason, an aggressive civilisation that presents itself as a religion is likely to arouse stronger and swifter opposition than one that presents itself as a technology; and we can now see why in the far east, as well as in Russia, our western civilisation was first rejected and was then accepted at the second time of asking. In Russia in the fifteenth century, and in the far east in the seventeenth century, the western civilisation was rejected when what it was demanding was conversion to the western form of Christianity; and it was no accident that its fortunes in the mission field should have veered right round from conspicuous failures to sensational successes as soon as its attitude towards its own ancestral religion had veered round from a warm devotion to a cool scepticism.

This great spiritual revolution overtook the western world towards the close of the seventeenth century, when 100 years' trial of waging savage and inconclusive civil wars under the colours of rival religious sects had at last disgusted the western peoples, not only with wars of religion but with religion itself. The western world reacted to this

disillusioning, self-inflicted experience of the evils of religious fanaticism by withdrawing its treasure from religion and reinvesting it in technology; and it is this utilitarian technological excerpt from the Bible of our western civilisation, with the fanatical religious page torn out, that has run like wild-fire round the world during the past two-and-a-half centuries, from the generation of Peter the Great to the generation of Mustafa Kemal Atatürk.

You will see that, in looking for some explanation of the striking difference between the results of the west's two successive assaults upon the far east, we have stumbled upon a 'law' (if one may call it that) which applies, not just to this single case, but to all encounters between any civilisations. This 'law' is to the effect that a fragment of a culture, split off from the whole and radiated abroad by itself, is likely to meet with less resistance, and therefore likely to travel faster and farther, than the culture as a whole when this is radiated *en bloc*. Our western technology, divorced from our western Christianity, has been accepted not only in China and Japan but also in Russia and in many other non-western countries where it was rejected so long as it was offered as part and parcel of a one and indivisible way of life including western Christianity as well.

The almost world-wide dissemination of a technological splinter flaked off from our western civilisation since the close of the seventeenth century is impressive at first sight if we compare it with the virtual failure to convert non-western peoples to the western way of life in an early modern age when our western civilisation was being offered for acceptance or rejection as a whole—technology, religion, and all. Today, however, when the west's bid to win the world has been challenged by Russia, we can see that our western civilisation's apparent triumph on the technological plane is precarious for the very reason that has made it easy; and the reason is that this triumph has been superficial. The west has sent its technology racing round the world by the trick of freeing it from the handicap of being coupled with our western Christianity; but, in the next chapter of the story, this unattached western technology has been picked up by the Russians and been coupled with Communism; and this new and potent combination of a western technology with a western religious heresy is now being offered to the far eastern peoples and to the rest of mankind as a rival way of life to ours.

In the nineteenth-century chapter of the story, we westerners were gratified when we saw the Japanese and the Chinese, who had rejected our western civilisation in its religious version, accepting it in a secularised version in which technology instead of religion had been given the place of honour. The Meiji revolution in Japan in the eighteen-sixties, and the Kuomintang revolution in China in the nineteen-twenties, both seemed, at the time, to be triumphs for the secularised western civilisation of the late modern age. But we have lived to see this secular western dispensation disappoint us in both countries. In Japan it bred a disastrous militarism; in China it bred a disastrous political corruption; in both countries the disaster brought the regime to a violent end; and in China this failure of the attempt to acclimatise there a secular form of our western civilisation has been followed by a victory for Communism. What is it that has made Communism's fortune in China? Not, so far as one can make out, any great positive enthusiasm for Communism so much as a complete disillusionment with the Kuomintang's performance in its attempt to govern China on latterday secular western lines. And we may suspect that the Japanese, too, if they were free to go their own way, might succumb to Communism for the same negative reason.

Factors in Favour of Communism

In both Japan and China today there are two factors telling in Communism's favour: first, this disillusionment with past experiments in trying to lead a secularised western way of life, and, second, the pressure of a rapidly growing population on the means of subsistence—a pressure which, as we noticed last week, is also a menace to the present westernising regime in India. In offering the Chinese and Japanese a secularised version of our western civilisation, we have been offering them a stone instead of bread, while the Russians, in offering them Communism as well as technology, have been offering them bread of a sort—gritty, black bread, if you like to call it so; but that is still an edible substance that contains in it some grain of nutriment for the spiritual life without which man cannot live.

But, if China and Japan could not stomach a sixteenth-century version of our western civilisation with the religion left in, and cannot

(continued on page 989)

The St. Lawrence Seaway: a Great Vision

By WILLIAM CLARK

EVER since I can remember I have been hearing about the St. Lawrence seaway. In fact, it was even a few years before I was born that the project was first put forward, with President Wilson's blessing, and I can remember after the first world war Canadian cousins explaining how it would make Canada as rich as the United States, and far richer than Britain. But that I put down as propaganda for emigration.

I was rather surprised this last summer to read a brief note in the papers saying that Canada had decided to build the seaway alone, without United States co-operation. Apparently nothing had been done in the intervening quarter-century except to argue. I thought that when I was in Canada in the autumn I might try to see something of what this much debated project really meant. What I was not prepared for was the enthusiasm of Canadians about the seaway. It began as soon as I touched down in Gander on my way to New York, when a Canadian in the waiting-room began to explain to me that we were standing at the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, the gateway to the American continent; and then, carried away by his theme, he told me that now that the seaway project was to begin, the St. Lawrence would play its historic part in developing Canada so fast it would make the expansion of the United States seem horse-drawn. This was only a rather extreme case of the enthusiasm about the St. Lawrence seaway and Canada's future that I was going to meet from coast to coast. I made a mental note to go on trying to find out about the project.

A few hours later we were in New York City, and the lonely concrete strips of Gander, set in a stunted forest, seemed as distant as Africa. But again, when I raised the subject of the St. Lawrence seaway with Americans, I found the same deep interest and rather wild speculation.

I was told that Congress had just refused to ratify an agreement with Canada to build the St. Lawrence seaway, and when I asked why, my host took me over to the window and pointed rather dramatically to the vast, ugly, black finger of the Empire State Building, which dominates the lovelier skyscrapers of New York like a factory chimney above a cathedral spire. 'Do you know why New York is called the Empire State?' he

asked. I realised with some confusion that I did not; I had faintly supposed it was something to do with once having been part of the British Empire. It was not, I was told; it was a name adopted by the state in the nineteenth century, when it built the Erie canal connecting the Hudson river with Lake Erie, so that there was a water-level route from New York to the Great Lakes. 'That way', he said, 'we won the empire of the west and we don't much want a competitive empire-builder up north'. I realised then for the first time the force behind the

seaway project. It revives the memories of the great American epic, the winning of the west; it is twentieth-century pioneering with nostalgic thoughts of frontier days, and hopes of great wealth and prosperity.

So I went up to the St. Lawrence itself and stayed a few days at Montreal—a grey granite town that reminds me of Glasgow, except that the people mostly speak French. There is a real smell of Clydeside down by the river, for Montreal has been made by the St. Lawrence. Though it is 1,000 miles or more up the river from Newfoundland, Montreal is a seaport, and from my hotel window I could see a great, white, ocean liner straight from Southampton being bullied into its berth by a pack of tugs. Montreal is the last stop on the present seaway: above the city the river becomes unnavigable. But a tantalising 200 miles away is another group of waterways—the Great Lakes system, another

1,000 miles of waterways deep enough to carry ocean-going craft.

I went down to the Great Lakes because, like any good tourist, I felt I had to see Niagara Falls, where Lake Erie tumbles 300 feet into Lake Ontario. I was duly impressed, but no more, because waterfalls, however big, look rather alike. What really did impress me that afternoon was to turn my back on Niagara and watch a 30,000-ton tanker climbing a hill as high as the Falls. From a distance it is quite uncanny

as you see this squat tanker disappear into the hillside and then, a few minutes later, reappear thirty feet higher up; and then repeat the process again and again. Close up, when you see the locks of the Welland Canal, it ceases to be uncanny and becomes instead a wonderful piece of engineering. It is these locks which complete the Great Lakes system, so that a 30,000-ton ship can travel 1,000 miles in Canadian waters, from Fort William on Lake



The skyscrapers of Detroit, U.S.A., seen across the mile of water which separates the city from Windsor, Canada

Canadian National Film Board



Superior to Toronto or Kingston on Lake Ontario, or, crossing into United States waters, go to Detroit or Chicago in the very heart of the mid-west.

There they are: two great water systems, with all their enormous advantages of cheap and efficient transport, one system reaching from Montreal to the oceans of the world, the other opening up the whole centre of the North American landmass. But the two are separated by 200 miles of shallow, rocky, many-islanded river. It is that bottleneck which the St. Lawrence seaway is meant to open up, so that vast ocean-going ships can ply into the heart of the continent. It is such an obvious thing to do that it is almost surprising it has not been done before; but if you drive along the banks of the St. Lawrence it soon becomes clear what one of the difficulties is. Above the fort at Prescott flies the Canadian flag, across the river over the big hotel at Ogdensburg flies the Stars and Stripes. For a large part of its course between Montreal and Kingston, the St. Lawrence is the frontier between the United States and Canada, so that development of the river ought to be a joint affair. Ever since 1916 the United States Presidents have favoured joint action, but always Congress has refused for the reasons I had heard already in New York. After another refusal last year, Canada decided to go ahead alone and build the great seaway by its own efforts.

As I stood by the Welland locks watching that tanker climbing the Niagara cliff, I began to understand more of what the seaway project means to Canadians. It means defying nature by carrying her rivers back over the mountains, and it means harnessing nature by using the great fall of water for making electric power. Canadians like to feel they are wrestling with natural forces, and winning for themselves and the world the untold wealth that is hidden in Canada. For Canada does seem to have everything. I saw gold-fields being worked, coal being dug, oil pumped out of the ranch country of Alberta, iron ore scooped up in the wastes of Labrador, and above all, for hundred mile after hundred mile in the west, I saw wheat being harvested. And as I looked north to the horizon and realised that Canada went on and on almost to the North Pole, I felt the limitlessness of its wealth.

But the place is too big to be manageable. Canadians possess their country in theory—on the map; they have not yet made themselves masters of it on the surface of the earth. That is what they are trying to do now. The St. Lawrence seaway is part of that process of taming the land, because Canada's greatest problem and greatest shortage is communications. The continent is only crossed by two railways, and if you fly, as I did, above these tracks it is easy to forget they are railways and to believe they are a river irrigating a desert. Where the railway runs there is civilisation, tidy villages, yellow fields, and cultivation; once get away from the railway and civilisation peters out.

In the early autumn the western railways are at their very busiest, with every truck and every locomotive pressed into service to carry the grain harvest to the Lakes; because it is to the Lakes, to the waterways, that Canada looks for her natural means of transport. If the seaway were completed, the grain which is loaded into the big ships

on the Lakes could go direct, without the cost and waste of reshipment, to the world which Canada feeds. I was never allowed for one moment to forget that the St. Lawrence seaway was much more than a practical vision which would provide power and transport to open up Canada. It is far more than that; it is Canada's great defiant demonstration that she is a nation standing on her own, independent of Britain, her mother; the moral equal of her sister nation, the United States. At present Canada is grudgingly conscious that her land is little more than a fertile strip stretched 3,000 miles along the American frontier. But Canadians so deeply want to stop being a ribbon development, to look north and west to their own lands instead of south to their neighbours'. They want to be Canadians, not just the United States' neighbours.

I found it difficult at first to see just what it was that made Canadians feel Canadian. In Vancouver, looking at the sun setting over the Pacific Ocean, I put the question to a young Canadian newspaperman who had served in the R.C.A.F. in Britain during the war; I asked him what he felt in common with his compatriots in Gander where the sun had set some five hours before. He rubbed his chin for a time, and then said: 'We know we're Canadians, because we feel we're not just British, and hope we're not just American'. Then, after a pause, he added: 'And besides, in British Columbia we promised to become Canadians if they built us a railroad out here, and they did so'. Canada owes its unity to its communications; without the building of a railway to the Pacific, the far west would never have agreed to become part of the Federal Dominion. For that reason the building of the St. Lawrence seaway as a channel of commerce that brings the ocean into the heart of the continent, and ties the new west closer into the fabric of the older east, has a special historical significance for Canadians. It is a tightening of the bonds of unity.

This tremendous spurt of activity involves great economic problems and opportunities for Canada, but what struck me most about the seaway project, and all the developments that are going with it, was that it was not thought of purely in dollars and cents terms. If you asked you could find out that it would cost about \$600,000,000, that this sum would be paid off by tolls in thirty to fifty years, that work on the canals might begin early in 1953, and so on. But somehow this is more than a project, it is a vision, a national vision for Canadians, of the way in which their nation can become great. If ever a people had belief in their 'manifest destiny', it is the Canadians today. They believe that they stand where the United States stood in 1865 at the end of the civil war, and where New York State stood in the eighteen-thirties when Governor Clinton planned the Erie Canal; or even, romantically, they think of themselves as standing where Britain stood at the beginning of her era of industrial expansion. They do not wish just to rival Britain and the United States, they wish to do better—not bigger and better, but they wish to learn from the mistakes of their predecessors. But first they know they must master their continent and open up their country, and the key or the symbol of that is the St. Lawrence seaway.

—Home Service

Woods

Sylvan meant savage in those primal woods
Piero di Cosimo so loved to draw,
Where nudes, bears, lions, sows with women's

heads

Mounted and murdered and ate each other raw
Nor thought the lightning-kindled bush to tame
But, flabbergasted, fled the useful flame.

Reduced to patches owned by hunting-squires
Of villages with ovens and a stocks,
They whispered still of most unsocial fires,
Though Crown and Mitre warned their silly

flocks

The pasture's humdrum rhythms to approve
And to abhor the licence of the grove.

Guilty intention still looks for a hotel
That wants no details and surrenders none;
A wood is that, and throws in charm as well,
And many a semi-innocent, undone,
Has blamed its nightingales who round the deed
Sang with such sweetness of a happy greed.

Those birds, of course, did nothing of the sort,
And, as for sylvan nature, if you take
A snapshot at a picnic, O how short
And lower-ordersy the Gang will look
By those vast lives that never took another
And are not scared of gods, ghosts or

stepmother.

Among these coffins of its by-and-by
The Public can (it cannot on a coast)
Bridle its skirt-and-bargain-chasing eye,
And where should an austere philologist
Relax but in the very world of shade
From which the matter of his field was made.

Old sounds re-educate an ear grown coarse,
As Pan's green father suddenly raps out
A burst of undecipherable Morse,
And cuckoos mock in Welsh, and doves create
In rustic English over all they do
To rear their modern family of two.

Now here, now there, some loosened element,
A fruit in vigor or a dying leaf,
Utters its private idiom for descent,
And late man, listening through his latter grief,
Hears, close or far, the oldest of his joys,
Exactly as it was, the water noise.

A well-kempt forest begs Our Lady's grace;
Someone is not disgusted or, at least,
Is laying bets upon the human race
Retaining enough decency to last:
The trees encountered on a country stroll
Reveal a lot about a country's soul.

A small grove massacred to the last ash,
An oak with heart-rot, give away the show;
This great society is going smash:
They cannot fool us with how fast they go,
How much they cost each other and the gods.
A culture is no better than its woods.

W. H. AUDEN

Our Own Far North

By DAVID KEIR

A FEW weeks ago I was travelling through the autumn grandeur of the Highlands towards the Castle of Mey on the Caithness coast—the castle which was bought by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother some months ago. It is almost 800 miles from London. And as it lies between Thurso and John o' Groats it must be one of the most northerly houses on the British mainland. I first saw the Castle of Mey on one of those autumn mornings you often get in the far north, a morning when everything glowed with colour and the light was a painter's dream. But the journey had been from the south—through the Grampians, beyond Inverness, across the desolate Caithness moors; and on such a trip one sees too many ghosts for complete serenity, too many ruined cottages where Highland crofters used to live, and too many schools which once taught twenty or thirty children, and now teach four or five. But these are only a few of many disturbing signs. During the past eighty years nearly 80,000 people have left the crofting counties: which means, quite simply, that the Highland rural districts are peopled by an ageing population which is not renewing itself.

Round the Castle of Mey, the immediate scene is more reassuring. Her Majesty's future neighbours are busy crofters with a good deal of stock. I certainly saw a great many turkeys about, including one sprightly couple in a cemetery, who obviously did not care a turkey's cuss for Christmas or any other nearer intimation of mortality.

Caithness is a flat and treeless county which prefers to call itself the 'Lowlands of the Highlands'. But it has a strange beauty of its own. The Castle of Mey, for instance, looks across the blue of the Pentland Firth to

the red cliffs of Hoy in Orkney; and those cliffs are more than 1,000 feet high. On summer evenings the light is long enough to allow bowling matches at midnight; the sunsets can be a flaming fantasy; and quite often from the castle windows Her Majesty will see the brilliant miracle of the Northern Lights. However, there is a gloomier side to the painting. During the past twenty years 3,000 people have left Caithness,



J. Allan Cash

Loch Shiel, in Inverness-shire, which is 'eighteen miles long, as the eagle flies' but has no road to connect the villages at each end of it: the farmers have to use a daily steamer



The new forestry settlement at Dalavich, Argyleshire

and almost 5,000 the neighbouring counties of Ross and Cromarty, and Sutherland: which brings us to the very heart of this essentially rural problem.

But first let me say that it is really not much use blaming the Highland ebb-tide of the past 100 years either on the break-up of the clans after 1745 or even on the Highland clearances early last century, when thousands of Highlanders were forcibly evicted from their crofts. These were sombre events. But, in fact, the Highland population increased later, only to fall away again for other reasons. As the crofters were poor, many of them became sensitive to the appeal of the prairie or the rubber plantation overseas. At home the growth of industry, the magnetism of towns, the lack of amenities which townfolk take for granted, the break-up of big estates, and the restless effect of two wars—all these have combined to drain away the younger 'generations at their song'.

This drift to the towns has, of course, been common to most countries. But in Scotland it has struck at the Highlands with exceptional ferocity. Many of the young have discovered that there is a considerable difference between the Highland way of life and the habits of, shall we say, Heckmondwike. In the more isolated districts of the north you certainly do not see cinemas or dance halls or neon

lights, though excellent film shows are provided by the travelling vans of the Highlands and Islands Film Guild. Beside Loch Morar in Inverness-shire there are houses which can get their coal, their groceries, and even the doctor only by a motor-boat journey there and back of some sixteen or seventeen miles. Their mail comes twice a week because the postman has to walk several miles across the hills to deliver it. Further south, in Moidart, there is a village—one of many in the Highlands—which has no road to it at all. Even more surprising, there is no road to join the two villages at each end of famous Loch Shiel. Loch Shiel is about eighteen miles long, as the eagle flies, and the farmers and foresters who live in some parts of the lochside have to rely on a little ship called the *Clanranald* which makes one return journey up and down the loch every day. I asked the ship's captain recently if he had been moving any livestock about the loch. 'No', he said, 'not lately. But some time ago we did move 200 sheep in one trip'. The *Clanranald*, I must tell you, is only seventy feet long and sheep are not allowed on the bridge! So it is true, as a recent Government White Paper said, that transport is a crucial Highland problem.

Problem of Depopulation

How, then, is this relentless tide of depopulation going to be turned back? As I see it, probably the only way is to persuade the younger folk that life in the Highlands is, or can be made, really worth while. But how? First, the Highland counties which have suffered so grievously from lack of amenities in the past must be given better amenities in the future, and special help from the Government wherever and whenever possible. Fortunately quite a good deal of official attention is now being paid to this aspect of the problem. Under the 1950 Programme of Highland Development, for example, more money is now being spent on land settlement, on roads, bridges, piers; and quite rightly, since it is not much use catching superb lobsters on the west coast or growing early fruit and flowers if you cannot get them quickly to the city markets. Improved roads have also been laid down by hydro-electric engineers whose network is now taking light and power to a great many places which would otherwise have remained on paraffin for many years.

In the end, of course, it is work even more than amenities which will decide the Highland issue. But the work must be congenial and well-paid. It must also have a rural basis, since towns like Inverness, Thurso, and Fort William have increased their population, and it is vital now that the rural population should be increased too in order to get a more balanced Highland economy. So let us go back from Loch Shiel to the Castle of Mey, wander again across that wild northern rim of the British mainland, and see what hope there is.

As you go westward from the castle towards Cape Wrath you soon find yourself in Sutherland, a county of more than 1,250,000 acres but only 14,000 people. To Ivor Brown this huge area is 'Caledonia Deserta'. None the less, in that wonderful tangle of mountains and lochs a scheme is now going forward for which the Duke of Westminster deserves great credit. He saw, for one thing, that the Highland way of life thrives best when industries are complementary to each other; when, for example, a fisherman has a croft as well. So he started a forestry scheme, and allowed the foresters time off to look after their crofts. The result is that a number of men have already come back from the towns, and they have planted about 500 acres of trees. Sheep and cattle are also increasing, and to cap it all the Duke has given a new impetus to the fishing industry which also comes into the scheme. He has installed an ice factory at the little fishing port of Kinlochbervie, so that the fish landed there can now be put into boxes packed with ice, and driven through the mountains by night to the big markets. And he has not forgotten the all-important amenities. New houses have been built, with more to come by the spring. A community centre is going up, and also a new school which the Duke intends to present to the community that his enterprise and their work are revitalising.

There are other successful private enterprises in the Highlands, such as the cattle raising schemes of Lord Lovat and Captain Hobbs. But it is probably the great state forests, run by the Forestry Commission, which at present throw out most hope for the future. For they are not only a profitable investment for the nation, they are bringing back sinews to the Highlands. At the moment, the state forests employ about 2,000 men—a figure which means, in the family sense, a population of some 9,000 or 10,000 people. Even more encouraging, the Forestry Commission's ultimate aim is to plant 750,000 acres; and that figure will mean permanent employment for

7,500 foresters in the Highland area, and a healthy life for their 12,000 dependants. All this will naturally take time, but it does seem encouraging, especially as, in some areas, forestry, which is congenial work, has already stemmed the 'ebb-tide'. In Argyll, for example, there is a new forestry settlement at a place called Dalavich. Two years ago Dalavich consisted of three or four crofts, a kirk, and a schoolroom for about six children. Today it is full of new houses. The population has risen to several hundred. And all sorts of clubs have been formed to provide society and amusement in the winter-time.

Another warming influence on the highland scene is hydro-electricity. At one time that imaginative plan to harness the endless waters of the Highlands was highly controversial. Since then its beneficial effect has become obvious. For not only is it supplying electricity, but it is helping to check depopulation. Take, as an example, the new Glen Affric scheme. A few years ago the local school was attended by one child. Now there are a dozen. What for many years was a deserted village has now been reinvigorated by the permanent staff at the power station, for whom new homes have been built. The tourist trade in the district has increased; and this in its turn has helped the local hotel and, therefore, the hotel's tradesmen. In other words, once fresh blood is allowed to flow in such an area the benefit becomes cumulative.

On my recent tour I also heard encouraging news from other quarters. As both the sport of fishing and the tourist trade have become more important to Highland welfare, many Highland hotels have been improved, though some in fact were always good. But since a hotel is not only a tourist's temporary home but a social centre and a means of employment for local people, it does seem important that all Highland hotels should become famous for well-cooked food, warmth, and courtesy.

There are many other promising activities I should like to have mentioned at length: the rehabilitation of poor land, for instance; the exploitation of seaweed's chemical properties; and the use of peat to generate electricity. Some of these ventures may not, I am afraid, add much to the Highland population, but they all help. They all help; and this is important, because the northern counties of Scotland can be saved not by any one activity but by the impact of many. That is why so many of us who love those counties now feel something stirring in the Highland air. And, certainly, whatever disappointments may still lie ahead, the Castle of Mey can stand for all of us as a symbol of faith in the future.—*Home Service*

The Unfamiliar

Quite rightly, Emanation of our Best,
By older forms of verb and old pronouns
We dressed you, yet in the rood we set you
And in the sunrise copes and curls
Beneath the honey angels
With the goldfinch wings
And devil acrobats,
Forgot, and still forget you.

O how we neglect you, by our
Familiarity, you thin-aired crest,
Cape of Spitzbergen, locked sun's energy
For whom the unlocking code escapes us,
Too rare to climb, too stark for landing,
Flos solis in the bed too hot for picking,
Best of our science, O how we derate you,
Create our own Companions of Dishonour,
So each low morning self-castrate you.

How shall we re-instate you?
Unless, Constituent of your saints (all
Aboriginals of high degree and globes
Of brightness down the black,
Long, blight-smear'd human tree),
Invoking their past grain of word, line, pigment,
Carving, insight, structure, tenderness and harmony,
Familiar you we alter back to thou and thee,
Although the hobthrusters of our being run
So filthily across the sun.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Man and Energy

The first of three talks by A. R. UBBELOHDE

AS you listen to the radio at the end of a day, you may count up all the times you have used some form of energy. When you awoke you switched on the electrical energy from some power station. And so it continued throughout the whole day: cooking, transport, domestic appliances, telephones, the cinema, power-operated tools and machines for producing goods. Indeed, it is alarming to think of how many activities of modern life demand the consumption of mechanical or electrical or heat energy. And together with all these uses of energy, external to the human person, there was a constant transformation of chemical energy within the human body itself to keep it functioning.

Each succeeding generation has its own contribution to make to the perennial discussion: What is man's place in nature? This discussion is often guided by largely practical considerations, such as the aim to better our worldly conditions of life by the right economic, technological, and political measures. The search for perspective may also be inspired by strivings towards a more satisfactory philosophy of life, or a more informed concept of religion. Whether the approach is practical or philosophical, a marked change of emphasis exists today even by comparison with the later nineteenth century, which was preoccupied with ideas and controversies about zoological evolution, for example.

A central problem today is man's relation to energy. We are, in fact, in the midst of a revolutionary change which is in full eruption. The beginning of this revolution in man's relation to energy is barely 200 years old, yet on a historical scale the transition in those two centuries is as remarkable as the transition from the age of reptiles to the age of mammals. Recent developments in the applications of nuclear energy for the needs of war show that as yet there is no sign of quietening down or consolidation in man's conquest of power.

To see things in perspective, it is useful to consider the relationships of man and energy successively in the pre-metrical age, in our own present age of violent evolution and transition, and, lastly, in the timeless vistas of the philosophy of nature. In childhood we all pass through a re-enactment of the 'pre-metrical' approach to energy. One of man's really basic instincts, even more fundamental, though less publicised, than sex instincts, is to control and dominate matter. After the first attempts of a baby to control the movements of its very own packet of matter, its own body, its next enterprise is to attempt to control matter outside itself. Inanimate objects, and, by more subtle devices, the packets of matter belonging to others, relations, persons, indeed the whole kingdom of animals is prepared to acknowledge fealty to infant man. This basic instinct to control and dominate matter

actuates the tremendous technological drive behind the development of man's relation to energy.

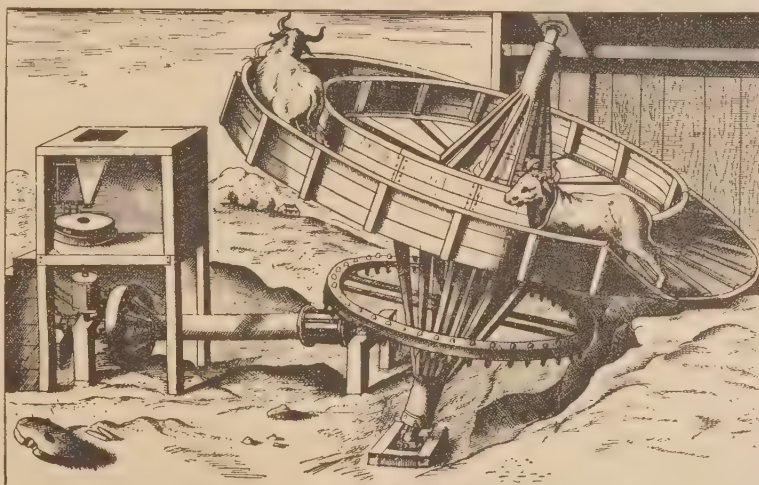
The experience that is telescoped into a few years in the life of a modern child extends backwards in history from about A.D. 1700 to the very beginnings of man. I use the term 'pre-metrical' (rather than the term 'pre-mechanical') to describe this early era in man's evolution. Our present revolutionary era is fundamentally bound up with our devising methods of measuring energy, whereas various kinds of machines were already known to earlier civilisations. We still have a kind of sales-catalogue published by the Roman engineer, Vitruvius, which deals with machines such as levers, cranes, water pumps, looms, windlasses, presses for oil and for wine, balances, bellows for blacksmiths' work, mills for grinding, and turning lathes. What we have to note about these machines is the nature of the driving power used in the pre-metrical age. For large machines this occasionally took the form of wind or water power, it is true. But, much more generally, the

driving power was supplied by harnessing some animal to the machine—donkeys, or bullocks, or horses, even men. You will remember Milton's description of the great Samson 'eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves'.

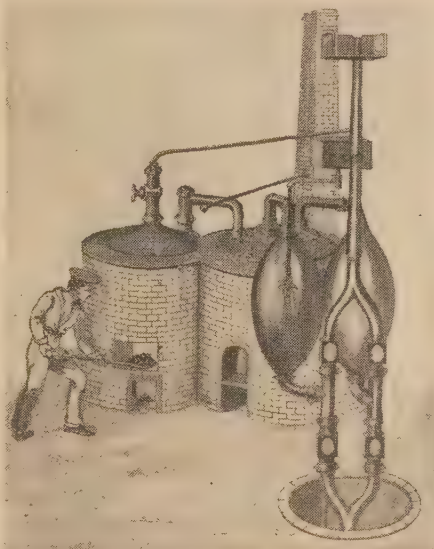
Lucius Apuleius describes conditions in a flour-mill in about A.D. 165, with the 'great company of horse that went in the mill day and night grinding of corn'. His Golden Asse was 'tied to the mill betimes in the morning with its face covered, to the end, in turning and winding so often one way, it should not become giddy, but keepe a certaine course'. The significant thing for us is that these primitive machines merely redirected the effort exerted by the animals harnessed to them.

And certain types of this slave machinery are still common today. In rowing, the pull exerted by the oarsmen is redirected so as to oppose the force of the water on the oar-blades. By means of gearwheels the pull at the handle of a clothes-wringer is balanced against the force of resistance of the clothes which are being squeezed through it.

A basic principle that energy can neither be created nor destroyed governs all this redirection of effort by machinery. Some simple aspects of this principle must have been known, in the form of working rules at any rate, to all the famous extinct civilisations—Babylon, and ancient Egypt, and the Aztecs. Working rules must have been known even to the unrecorded builders of our own Avebury and Stonehenge. The simplest of all machines is the lever. And levers in some form or other were used even in ancient times for shifting heavy masses. A quite accurate application of the principle of the lever was made in the Roman balance for weighing goods. Much later, the principle of the lever was derived from the comprehensive law of the conservation of energy.



Animals as driving power for a corn-mill in Venice: from an Italian handbook of 1656.
Below: Savery's steam engine of 1710, for drawing up water from mines



More complicated mechanical devices, such as blocks and pulleys, were shown to follow the same mathematical principles by Stephen of Bruges, who published his findings about 1586. It is possible that his work was used in equipping the Armada. In about 1700 the philosopher and mathematician, Leibnitz, proved that there was also a conservation of the sum of potential energy and energy of motion in machines that contained moving parts, such as a pendulum clock. Had history evolved directly along these lines, that is, merely as a gradual improvement of Roman practice, some development in machines would no doubt have taken place but they would still be driven mainly by animal power. However, new sources of energy for driving machines began to be explored in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the light of modern experience with atomic energy it is rather grim that the new sources of driving power were first used for war. For example, gunpowder was applied to mortars and guns long before it was applied to rock-mining. And Leonardo da Vinci describes a steam gun, which he himself attributed to Archimedes, in which water was dropped on to a heated metal surface so that the expanding steam fired a cannonball.

Restoration Scientists and the Use of Steam

More peaceful applications of this expansive power of steam were discussed by the Restoration scientists. Sir Samuel Morland, Master Mechanic to Charles II, has left us a clear statement of their objectives. Writing about 1685, in the year of the king's death, he said:

Water being evaporated by fire, the vapours require a greater space, about 2,000 times that occupied by the water. And rather than submit to imprisonment it will burst a piece of ordnance. But being controlled according to the laws of statics, and by science reduced to the measure of weight and balance, it bears its burden peaceably, like good horses, and thus may be of great use to mankind especially for the raising of water

—a very necessary invention in the age of expanding mines. A practicable steam engine for sale to mining companies was constructed by Savery in about 1710. Man had begun to raise up energy slaves—to replace the human slaves which had borne the burden for so long.

But how to number and measure the new slaves? It was first discovered how to measure heat-energy about the time of the French Revolution. A Scottish chemist, Joseph Black, used the rise in temperature of a quantity of water to evaluate the quantity of heat taken up by the water. Measurements of the rate of exchange between mechanical energy and heat energy proved more difficult.

About 1800 a young Cornish chemist, later Sir Humphry Davy, and an American Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, studied the heat developed by continuous mechanical rubbing, but an exact measure of it was first achieved by a Manchester chemist, Robert Joule, about 1850. A third type of energy measurement was originated by Savery and was improved by Watt. To impress his customers, James Watt made careful comparisons between the mechanical work that strong dray horses could furnish and the mechanical work furnished by one of his new steam engines. This notion of regarding an engine as equivalent to so many horses still survives in the 'horse-power' which describes the work you can get from an engine in a unit of time. Watt estimated that each minute a strong horse could raise 33,000 lb. through a distance of one foot. More satisfactory units of engine power have now been developed, but the horse-power units do demonstrate in a very compact way how radically man's adaptation of inanimate driving power has changed the material basis of civilisation. The elaborate pattern of living developed by leading Roman citizens can be considered as humane only provided we are prepared to shut our eyes to the enormous base of muted humanity under the pyramid-top of high living. Again, because of the high proportion of slave labour, Greek theories of democracy are not completely relevant to what we now call democracy. In fact, none of the older civilisations were able to fulfil the varied mechanical demands of refined living without a vast, submerged fund of animal power, often derived from human slaves.

Listen again to the Golden Asse of Lucius Apuleius, describing slaves in A.D. 165:

The asse did greatly delight to behold the baker's art. O good Lord what a sort of poore slaves were there; some had their skinne black and blew, some had their backs striped with lashes, some were covered with rugged sackes, some had their members onely hidden; some wore such ragged clouts, that you might perceive all their naked bodies, some were marked and burned in the heads with hot yrons, some had their haire halfe clipped, some had lockes of their legges, some very ugly and evill favoured, that they could scarce see, their eyes and face were so blacke and dimme with smoake, and some had their faces all mealy.

Even in the Tudor Utopia of Sir Thomas More the slave jobs in the community had to be done by the criminal classes.

Let us now consider the situation today. What do we find? We find that for the first time in the history of man since the energy revolution, civilisation is facing a really novel problem of structure. We can apparently move towards a Utopia in which there is ultimately no place for the navy, and where animals as sources of power are not essential to the structure. Whether we shall like a Utopia composed of a diversified multitude of civil servants and power engines, if ever we arrive there, is another question. Be that as it may, there are two obvious limits in the march towards this technological energy-Utopia—let us call it *Tektopia*. First, the adaptability of men as exploiters of machines may be limited. Then, again, in the years ahead, the geographical distribution and rate of development of new sources of power may hold back the energy-revolution. These two barriers to *Tektopia* are so important that they warrant our examining them in detail. Human limitations are probably more important so I will deal with them first.

As machines become more complex they generally need a higher average of intelligence and skill to supervise them. To manage and direct the social organisations, without which such higher machines offer no real advantage, also calls for increased average ability. But already we may be nearing the social and genetic limits to making man the master, and inanimate energy the slave. For example, there is no evidence that the fraction of the population that can do more and more intricate work will keep pace with the opportunities theoretically offered by man's conquest of energy. Machines displace men, particularly the less adaptable. So unless there are alternative openings for the displaced men, in the short term, strong Luddite opposition to further displacements will obviously slow down the change. In the long term, unless more skilful men are bred in every walk of life, a stationary state must be reached in the application of inanimate energy. A group of electrical engineers recently estimated that two out of three of the world's total population still live untouched by electricity. World population is increasing at the rate of 20,000,000 a year. It seems obvious that living standards in backward regions can be raised to some extent by a great increase in power machines. But we do not yet know how far the peon of Central and South America, or the tribesman of Africa, will adapt himself to the more complex types of machine.

To take an example nearer home: the 5,000 inhabitants of Achill Island, off the west coast of Ireland, have so far nearly all refused to have an electricity supply. Most of them are happy to do without radio, electric cooking, and cleaning machines. Their custom is to work hard as long as daylight lasts, and then to join around blazing turf fires in kitchens lit with primitive oil lamps, with pots of potatoes boiling, and tell stories of fairies who play tricks on evil men—even perhaps on the technologists who want to raise their standard of living.

Immediate Problems for Britain

It seems prudent to recognise this long-term problem without pretending that there is any easy solution. Meantime, we must take note of some immediate problems for Britain. These arise out of the geographical distribution and rate of development of new sources of inanimate energy. The yearly consumption of energy used for driving machines gives a rough measure of how much the burdens of life are borne by the energy slaves of each man, woman, and child in Britain.

Without knowing the animal horse-power per head of population in the pre-metrical age, we cannot compare present figures with the energy available to our forefathers. A more urgent matter is how Britain compares with other countries at the present time in the horse-power available per head of population. In the homes of four different countries the kilowatt hours of electricity used per head per year are: United States of America, 492 kilowatts; Sweden, 456 kilowatts; Great Britain, 326 kilowatts; and Australia, 238 kilowatts. On this scale of domestic comforts we are only third. Our position would be even more unfavourable if allowances were made for electricity unjustifiably used for space heating in Britain. In the factory, there is only one-third of the horse-power at the service of each British worker, compared with his American counterpart. By tradition and training the British worker may not be ready to use more power, but the penalty of inadequate mechanical slaves is inescapable.

Either we must be prepared to live a life in Britain deliberately simplified and even somewhat austere, or we must augment our population of energy slaves. Of course, a deliberately simplified life is the

right choice for those whose intellectual and spiritual resources thrive best in such an environment. But equally without doubt abundant and cheap power and high quality machinery are a prime means for improving the material welfare of the average citizen. Unfortunately, Britain is in a dangerous historical position so far as really cheap power is concerned. Our large population grew up when power, obtained from coal, was cheap for various reasons, not all of them creditable. Unless we, in the twentieth century, evolve means of producing coal or equivalent sources of power with the same relative cheapness, economic development will gradually favour more and more the new centres of cheap power that are opening up in various parts of the world, and

we shall be left behind. In the emergency of war, the total horse-power available to a nation is even more important than in peace because certain defence projects depend directly for their practicability on the number of mechanical slaves at the service of the nation.

Besides the need in densely populated countries for cheap and abundant sources of energy, there is another more hopeful objective. Even back in the time of James Watt it was realised that power engines frequently waste much of the heat energy supplied to them. A scientific study of this wasted heat has led to the development of one of the most remarkable branches of modern science, the science of thermodynamics.—*Third Programme*

Géricault and the Romantic Idea of the Animal

The second of two talks by BASIL TAYLOR

GÉRICAULT made at least three copies after paintings by Stubbs. His versions of these pictures give an excellent indication of what had happened to the painter's idea of the animal world between 1760 and 1820. Among the subjects Géricault used was that of a lion killing a white horse, crouched upon its back in a rocky landscape. It was one of a sequence of three pictures showing a lion attacking a horse which were Stubbs' most popular and famous works during his lifetime. They are based upon an incident he is supposed to have seen in Morocco during his return from Italy. To some extent they predict the studies of frightened horses and fighting animals in the work not only of Géricault himself but of Delacroix and James Ward, but their spirit could hardly be different. In spite of the terror and the savagery which is inherent in the subject, we are withdrawn by Stubbs' objectivity from the wildness and sensuality of the creatures. Stubbs is not himself involved. He seems only to take an anatomist's interest in the conflict. The image which he presents is still, sculptural, in its repose, and as independent as a piece of sculpture. He designed the group



'Lion Attacking a Horse' by George Stubbs, one of several versions of this subject; and (left) Géricault's copy after an engraving by Stubbs



of the two animals so as to emphasise this sense of immobility: the horse will never die, the lion will never overcome its prey. The landscape in which this remote event is placed is classically sublime, dark and lonely, but it repeats the stillness of the group. The horse's terror and the lion's passion are presented in the animals' features as if by two masks, fixed images of fear and appetite. Géricault set the scene in motion. He has drawn the lion and the horse and the landscape, himself and the spectator, into one vortex of energy and wildness. The scene now has a past and a future and not one eternal present. It recalls Fuseli's idea that 'the middle moment, the moment of suspense, the crisis, is the moment of importance, big with the past and pregnant with the future'.

Another of Géricault's copies is taken from one of Stubbs' portraits of a tiger. He has made Stubbs' tiger burn, exaggerated its wildness, made its animal temperament shine out through its eyes, and given to those eyes and the creature's coat and sinew a sensuality beyond the bounds of life. Stubbs was not the only English animal painter whom Géricault knew. In 1820 he brought to England his painting of 'The Raft of the Medusa'. He was a guest at the Royal Academy banquet, and in 1821 he wrote to a friend in Paris about the annual exhibition which had just opened: 'You can have no idea of the beautiful portraits in this year's exhibition and a great number

of landscapes and genre pictures; the animals by Ward and Landseer who is eighteen years old, the masters have not produced anything better of this kind'. The connection between English and French art of this time in the matter of landscape—in respect of Delacroix' influence upon Constable, for instance—is well known. The connection between the English tradition of animal painting and the work of Géricault in particular has yet to be explored.

Géricault and James Ward

The correspondences between Géricault and James Ward are remarkable. Even before the one came to know the other's work in that year 1821, when Géricault was thirty and Ward fifty-two, they had been pursuing the same interest, to the extent of choosing sometimes identical subjects. Their habits of draughtsmanship are often surprisingly similar, particularly in quick notes, and it would be difficult to distinguish between the human anatomy drawings of the two artists. Above all, they had been working under the same influences, and in particular the influence of Rubens. In 1803 James Ward had seen Rubens' autumn landscape of the Chateau de Steen which is now in the National Gallery. He remained the whole day studying it, and then with a characteristic confidence tried to emulate the picture in his own painting of the 'Fighting Bulls of St. Donat's Castle'. And between 1815 and 1820 the rediscovery of Rubens in Paris, largely through the hanging of the Marie de Medici series in the Louvre, was just as important in modifying French art.

But the animal pictures of Ward and Géricault and Delacroix are not just a revival of Flemish animal painting. For Rubens or Snyders, the animal, the cornered stag, the hunted boar, the lion turning against the assault of his pursuers was a part of that spectacle of nature which contemporary patronage enjoyed and which these painters equally like to represent. For the Romantic painter a horse or a tiger or a stag was a creature upon which to fasten the conflicts and doubts of his own generation and the disturbances of his own spirit. The animal subjects of Géricault are the finest expression of this new idea of the animal world: the use of the animal as a symbol and not just an object. But Géricault's idea of the animal did not suddenly occur. Animal painters in England had been working towards his Romantic view and the romantic view of James Ward since the 1770s, just as the landscape vision of Constable and the idea of landscape upon which his painting was based had been evolving for a century not only in the works of painters but of gardeners and poets as well.

Among those who contributed to this evolution were Sawrey Gilpin and Ben Marshall. They had flexed their animal's muscles, set them in motion, given them a more obvious nervous energy. They had begun to emphasise the essential wildness of these creatures, marked their muscular action, the flash of their eyes, the flare of their tails, with a new sensuality. They had begun to explore the anatomy of animal temperament and sought to find a range of animal expression. They were no longer satisfied to use merely an adaptation of those conventions which the seventeenth century had found for symbolising human emotions and which Stubbs seems to have used in his studies of frightened and fighting animals. In this they show the beginning of the Romantic desire to find an association between the material world of nature and human sentiments. 'To every natural form', wrote Wordsworth bringing the process to its fulfilment in 'The Prelude', 'rock, fruit or flower, even the loose stones that cover the highway, I give a moral life; I saw them feel and linked them to some feeling'. Nature was no longer just an object, but now a principal. Keats wrote about creatures 'having a purpose and their eyes being bright with it', of 'the anxiety of the deer'. He wrote of the poet as one 'who with a bird, Wren or Eagle, finds his way to all its instincts'. He spoke of pecking in the gravel with the bird outside his window. Even those painters who were concerned with little more than animal portraiture began to enter consciously into the instincts and habits of animals. One example is the series of pictures by Sawrey Gilpin of horses frightened by lightning. They are really the precursors of Delacroix—moving beyond anatomy into association. Series of pictures devoted to the life of a horse became popular and there were a number of illustrated essays on animal expression. James Ward was to call one of his paintings 'L'Amour de Cheval'.

That was the first condition of change—a new association between man and nature. The next step can be followed in what Delacroix wrote in his journal after a visit to the Jardin des Plantes to see the display of stuffed animals there. 'What a prodigious variety of animals and what a variety of species, of forms, and of destinations. . . . Whence

comes the impression which the sight of all that produced on me. From the fact that I got out of my everyday ideas, which are my whole world, that I got out of my street, which is my universe. How necessary it is to give oneself a shaking up, to get one's head out, to try to read in the book of the creation which has nothing to do with our cities and the works of men'. The works of men. One of the predominant themes of romantic art was the relation between civilisation and nature, between the rational construction of Man's world and the wildness of the created universe. In another place Delacroix wrote that 'It is evident that nature cares very little whether man has a mind or not. The real man is the savage; he is in accord with nature as she is. As soon as man sharpens his intelligence, increases his ideas and the way of expressing them and acquires needs, nature runs counter to him in everything'. The animal, like natural landscape, was the visible sign of that wildness, that primitive, instinctive force which by Géricault's youth had become a value. The nervous high-stepping horse, the lion or tiger savaging its prey, a bull or a cart-horse fighting with the men who are trying to restrain and bind them, horses fighting in their stable or contending with each other on the race-course—these are obsessive themes in Géricault's paintings and in the work of Delacroix and Ward.

Géricault, most powerfully of all, chose to express through the medium of the animal that idea of the force and the surge of nature which can be found so often in his time, in the young Goethe's vision of the universe or in the late landscapes of Turner. Among the images which have been used traditionally to expose the conflict I have mentioned, the conflict between civilisation and the cosmos, are the legends of Leda and the swan, the struggle between nymphs and centaurs. It is interesting to find that when Géricault moved away from the world of his own time and experience into the field of history painting, he turns instinctively to these particular themes in which the conflict of reason and wildness are projected.

No painter has been more sensitive than Géricault to the particular temperament of the horse. That is only one side of his general concern for the anatomy of the mind as well as the structure of the body. Many of his numerous studies for 'The Raft of the Medusa' were devoted to discovering not only the physical condition of people in distress, but the relationship between physical and mental suffering. Later he made a series of portraits of the insane, and Miss Margaret Millar has shown how these reflect the attitude of the doctor who commissioned them. They show a new and sympathetic recognition of the special psychology of the insane mind. Géricault interprets these people not by any conventions for madness, but by a searching account of their own personality. Among his most obvious characteristics is his attention to violence and conflict. That indeed is really the theme to which he devoted his short career. In the arts of his time and generation, order and harmony found a new meaning. Not only Goethe but many other artists suggest that reality is not static but dynamic, the tension of an eternal strife. Order in a work of art was not just the expression of the outcome of this conflict, it must display the mechanism of the struggle. Keats said that 'a quarrel in the streets is a thing to be hated, but the energies displayed in it are fine'. Among Géricault's last subject was a famous murder of the day, the assassination of Fualdes. It is interesting to think that only a year or two later Landseer should be occupying himself with making sketches of another contemporary crime. When someone expressed surprise at his interest he said, 'Oh, but I like murder'.

'Individual and Striking Paradox'

But Géricault's scenes of conflict present a most individual and striking paradox. In spite of its violence and restlessness, his work has always a backbone. There is always the opposition of order and simplicity to dynamism and complexity. One example is his painting of a cattle market in which herdsman and their dogs are struggling with a frightened group of bulls. The scene has the turmoil of a battle picture. The studies for this picture were made in a Paris slaughterhouse. But the final versions of the picture, as so often, have found repose. The lower half of the painting in which the struggle takes place is a Baroque swirl, a design with all the turbulence and force which Géricault admired in Rubens. But above this vortex there is a calm arrangement of building and landscape as orderly as the detail from a Poussin, an austere pattern of right angles, of plain walls and roofs and mountain slopes cast against the sky, a cabinet to hold the struggle below.

The same is true of the series of works made from the race of wild horses which was then held at the end of the Roman carnival and

which Géricault saw on his visit to Italy. The final stages of the design, which was never fulfilled on the life-size scale the painter intended, have the simplicity of a classical frieze. And this dialectic of violence and stability, of passion and orderliness recalls the manner of his departure for Italy in 1816. He left Paris to escape from an unhappy love affair—his love for a woman who had married one of his friends and who two years later was to bear his illegitimate son. In that crisis he still found time to put his affairs into perfect order before he departed. According to his first biographer, Charles Clément, 'he docketed his notebooks and drawings, marked his studies, down to the slightest sketch, with a number and even his palettes and colours and gave the whole lot into his father's care'.

There is in all Géricault's major undertakings a repeated pattern of working. The subject which kindles his creative action is generally related to violence: the torments of the shipwrecked, the passion and violence of murder, the struggle between man and animals, between one animal and another. The subject is then explored in drawings of two kinds: quick emotive sketches retain and crystallise the surge and spirit of the subject as Constable's oil-sketches held his immediate sensation of landscape; and studies of the anatomy of the body and

mind accumulated from his observations, from an instinct for anatomy which reminds us of Leonardo—and of Stubbs. Out of these, in 'The Raft of the Medusa' most powerfully, emerges that unmistakable mixture of romantic self-expression, Baroque energy and construction, and classical order which make him one of the most original painters of all time.

This balance of interests and of controls helps to explain Géricault's success as a painter of animals at a time when it was so easy to fall into a false romanticism. Ward is a notable example of someone who shared many of Géricault's impulses and obsessions, who was dominated by himself and the spirit of his age and cannot always bring to his experiences and ambitions a command of artistic unity. In many of his pictures he gets lost in that primitive animal world which appealed to his time, and his monomania finds its expression in works of a stupid violence. The habit of identifying oneself with the animal world, which Géricault managed with such sensibility, was the prelude to that Landseer which he did not live to see and to the degrading anthropomorphism of the next generation. Out of this could only come a return to objectivity, to the dogs and stags of Courbet and the race-horses of Degas.—*Third Programme*

Nationalised Industries and the State

By LORD EUSTACE PERCY

THE collection of essays called *Problems of Nationalised Industries** is the first serious study of the experiments in nationalisation made in the past seven years. The authors deserve our thanks; they represent various schools of political thought; they write, on the whole, impartially; and they have collected a mass of facts which will be invaluable to future students. The first part of the book deals with such issues as compensation, administrative organisation, price policy, efficiency, staff management, the contrasts between civil service and business methods, and the relations between nationalised industry and parliament; in the second part Professor Robson states the conclusions which he draws from this survey.

These conclusions are bound to be a little inconclusive. For one thing, the experiments are in their infancy. Few industrial enterprises can be expected to show success or failure in so short a time. For another thing, there is, after all, not much difference between a public board, administering a state-owned industry, and a board of directors, under the Companies Acts, administering a large industrial combine. As one of the contributors points out, neither can be strictly regarded as a 'private enterprise' and both have much the same 'profit motive'. From this point of view, there is nothing particularly new about these experiments, and a visitor from Mars might be puzzled to account for the political controversy which the policy of nationalisation has aroused.

The real point of that controversy is one which is hardly mentioned in this book: not whether it is good for industries to be run by the state, but whether it is good for the state to run them. And that depends on the kind of state you want. Absolute governments can do almost anything without changing their character; but we in Britain have tried to create a special kind of state, in which the governors are responsible to the people through parliament for every act of government. I repeat: for every act of government. An act of government may not, in fact, be the act of any cabinet minister; it may be the act of a civil servant or a village schoolmaster or a municipal policeman; but if it violates the lawful liberties of the citizen, or endangers the public welfare, the minister is responsible. Two hundred and fifty years ago Lord Somers was impeached for an act which was known to have been done by the King personally, without consulting his ministers; a little over 100 years ago, when the new Poor Law was an issue at elections, public opinion held governments at Westminster responsible for the acts of provincial Bumbles and the sufferings of provincial Oliver Twists; twenty-five years ago I myself was often, quite rightly, held responsible in parliamentary debates for the deficiencies of local education services.

This daily burden of imputed responsibility would crush ministers, and the daily burden of enforcing it would distract parliament, if the House of Commons had not worked out conventions as to the limits within which a minister can be decently expected to answer questions

of which he may have no immediate knowledge, or defend practices over which he may have little control. In a chapter on 'Ministerial Control and Parliamentary Responsibility', one of the contributors to this book discusses these conventions at length in relation to nationalised industries; but in this I think he misses the point. Parliament may set limits to its criticism, but these limits do not bind the electorate. After all, through whatever semi-independent corporations nationalised industries may be administered—or, for that matter, nationalised non-trading institutions like hospitals—they are owned by the nation, they are financed by public credit, and their chief managers are appointed by the national government. It is inevitable, therefore, that the electorate should hold the government responsible for such miscellaneous matters as the price of gas, the cost of railway travel, electricity cuts, absenteeism in pits, and the wages of steel workers—not to mention the efficiency of hospital surgeons and nurses and the supply of dentures. If the electorate did not do so, they would be exposing themselves to all the dangers of arbitrary government which the British political system is designed to avert. One conclusion which emerges pretty clearly from this book is that the attempt to transfer responsibility for the price policy of nationalised industries from parliament to consumers' councils has failed. On the other hand, if the electorate does hold ministers responsible, its criticisms must often be ill-judged, and governments which present so broad a front to criticism will tend to be unstable and insecure.

This is the really important point. We in this country have hitherto been able to avoid the frequent changes of government which, for example, have so weakened French democracy. We have succeeded in reconciling the principle of government by popular consent with the maintenance of strong, and reasonably stable, executives. But our success has depended on limiting the scope of government to activities which ministers are more or less competent to direct and the people more or less competent to judge. If we extend its scope beyond these limits, we run the risk either of unstable or of arbitrary government.

I hope it will not sound too far-fetched if I say that the whole problem reminds me of that unhappy period of the eighteen-thirties when governments at Westminster found themselves responsible for the administration of multifarious colonial territories in Canada, Australasia, South Africa, and the West Indies, and perpetrated so many almost unavoidable blunders, from the effects of some of which we are still suffering today. If we had not then found a way to circumscribe the responsibilities of ministers by the grant of partial but effective self-government to many colonies, our system of government might well have broken down as badly as it had done, sixty years earlier, in the days of the American Revolution. Today we have tried to give partial self-government to our nationalised industries; but, unfortunately, in

* Edited by W. A. Robson. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

this field, partial self-government does not work; for an industry has, after all, only one function, to which all its activities must be subordinated, and it is therefore impossible to draw a satisfactory line between 'reserved' and 'delegated' powers. In this field, self-government could be made to work only if the industries concerned ceased altogether to be owned by the nation, and if ministers were therefore relieved of all responsibility for them, as they have been relieved of all responsibility for the self-governing Dominions. My own guess is that something like this will eventually happen; that it will come to be realised that national ownership is irrelevant to the purposes for which the former owners of these industries were originally expropriated; and that we shall have a new industrial Statute of Westminster, under which some, though probably not all, nationalised industries will be reconstituted as independent trusts, to which the national government will stand in a clearly defined relation, analogous to that of debenture holders.

Missing Technologist

There I must leave this part of my subject and turn to another problem of nationalised industry which seems to me to have been largely ignored in Professor Robson's book. It is surely a little ominous that the book includes no contribution written from the point of view of the professional technologist in industry who is responsible for its scientific development towards maximum efficiency and maximum production. There is a chapter on 'Labour and Staff Problems', but in this the technical manager appears only as an agent for managing organised labour. This is to get the picture out of focus. It represents what I might call the nursemaid's idea of labour relations. Those relations are, of course, an essential part of technical management, but the workman is not the *object* of them, as a child in the nursery is the object of the nursemaid's care; he is a responsible partner in them. And, on the whole, relations between, for instance, the miner's lodge and the pit manager will be good or bad according to the degree of confidence which the miner feels in the manager's technical efficiency. The worst fault laid by the mineworker to the charge of management in the industry under private enterprise was its alleged backwardness in technical development especially in the matter of mechanisation. Indeed, one of the main criticisms of all industry in this country has been its reluctance to promote technologists to the highest posts of management. This has been commonly quoted as one of the marked distinctions between English and continental industry. It does not augur well for the attitude of educated public opinion towards nationalised industries that this whole problem should be ignored in such a serious study as this.

What makes it rather worse is that the book does contain a chapter—and quite a good one—on scientific research for nationalised industry, thus encouraging the assumption that the normal destiny of the highly trained technologist is to occupy a backroom in a research establishment, or perhaps in a ministry in London, divorced from the actual responsibilities of production. This is the sort of 'brass-hat' assumption which puts this country at a disadvantage in comparison with the United States. We need, on the contrary, to insist that a scientific education is a preparation, not for a life in a laboratory, but for a life of action.

To illustrate this point, you must allow me to go on quoting the mining industry, because, before the quite recent nationalisation of steel, mining was the only nationalised industry which was mainly dependent upon technological efficiency of *production*, as distinct from distribution, or sale, or transport operation. It is too often forgotten that our experience of nationalisation is hardly any guide to the question whether it is wise to nationalise manufacturing industries like engineering. The only approximate guide to such future problems is to be found in our experience in the nationalised mining industry.

In that industry, it is the direct responsibility of the manager of a pit, or a group of pits, to find for it, on his own trained judgment, the best mechanical methods of production and haulage, of lighting and ventilation. I say 'for it', for in some, or all, of these things, and in many others, each pit presents its own peculiar problems for which the appropriate solution has to be found. I think it is, probably, the view of most good technologists in such posts that hitherto, on the whole, nationalisation has made it rather more difficult for them to get on with their job than it used to be when they were the servants of private owners. This view would, no doubt, be partly based on what tended to happen in the first transition from private to public ownership, when development plans which had been approved by the old

local owners had to be explained afresh to a new Board in London, and had to be considered by them in relation to other similar schemes in all the coalfields of the country. This was, perhaps, inevitable in such a change-over, but, though there has been a good deal of decentralisation since then, it is doubtful whether things have much improved.

Here we come up against a characteristic tendency of all public administration which is seen at its worst in the management of industrial production. This is the tendency to aim at an all-round development up to a national minimum standard over the whole of any given field, rather than at special excellence in selected parts of the field. Governments are almost incapable of selecting in any field of administration; it offends against their best principles of impartial justice and the equal claims of all citizens. So, in the coal industry, much urgently needed and long-prepared development in particular groups of pits has had to wait until the Coal Board had prepared and published a comprehensive plan of development for the whole of the national coalfields. But good technologists are not a standardised lot, and the result of this kind of administration is to give no sufficient encouragement to the best. Now, in view of the prospective cost of the national Coal Plan, some selective priorities will have to be established; and on the Coal Board's plan of selection will depend the morale of certainly not the least important section of the key production staff of the industry.

We cannot expect the morale of an industry like coal-mining to be anything else than a producer's morale. When the whole emphasis of policy is on maximum production and 'full employment', the best brains in the industry will necessarily be concentrated on the fascinating technical problems of such production and such employment. And maximum production of a wasting mineral asset can never be cheap in terms of capital investment. The efficiency of national administration will tend to be judged by its best servants according to its willingness to incur the heavy costs of capital development. Outside the industrial field, it is by this standard that the efficiency of the national administration of hospitals is already beginning to be judged—and not very favourably judged—by the scientifically-trained professionals who have devoted their lives to hospital work. Unfortunately, in a nationalised industry capital expenditure has to be measured not by the earning power of the industry itself but by the general state of the national finances. The most difficult long-range problem of nationalised industries may prove to be how to maintain in them a good producer's morale within the limits of development dictated by the overriding need for the maintenance of the public credit.—*Third Programme*

Mating Season

Now love and summer hold.
Birds sleep. A distant bell
Informs the fading air
Out of this evening gold.
Yet still the midday's glare
Aches in the failing well.

And now a sunset wind
Shakes sweetness from the trees
And off the stream's surface;
But blows back in the mind
How the best season suffers
The air's worst agonies.

In March our birds unwinter
Against creative sleets,
But have less strength when this
Close outspoken thunder
Utters its energies
Into the withering heats.

—An image comes that shocks,
So hostile to our love
The purpose it fulfils:
Across the parching rocks
The scorpion stalks and kills
The soft exhausted dove.

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Christian Hope

By OLIVER S. TOMKINS

WHAT do men and women really hope for today? Three pictures come into my mind, all, as it happens, memories of a visit to India a year or two ago. In a little village the schoolchildren had gathered to welcome the visitors in the glare and brown dust of what in England could have been called the village green. The Congress-trained schoolmaster had the children organised to celebrate a special occasion by singing songs. But the thing I remember is the atmosphere I felt when they sang the national anthem of free India. In the children, and in the circle of grown-ups, there pulsed a vigour and a hope that were almost tangible: it was the fierce hope of those who had been taught to feel that *their* day is dawning.

The second picture is from the slums of an Indian mill-town where nationalist hopes are already embittered because independence has not yet meant the end of poverty or unemployment. An Indian communist has gathered a group of thin, weary men and women around him. I can see the fire that he is kindling. Listless faces brighten, anger flows through, but beyond it—hope. The speaker is promising that the age-long suffering of the poor can be ended.

In a Village Church

And the third picture is in the dim light of an Indian mud and palm-leaf village church where the Holy Communion is being celebrated. In the order of service which is used in the Church of South India, after the prayer which repeats the words used by Jesus in the upper room, as the bread and wine are being consecrated, the congregation responds together: 'Amen. Thy death, O Lord, we commemorate, Thy resurrection we confess, and Thy second coming we await'. In those last words is another form of hope, the hope which has never been entirely lacking from the minds of Christians ever since they lost from the sight of their eyes the Man whom they had learned to call Lord and God.

But what is the real meaning of this peculiar Christian hope, and what is its relation to those other hopes that men have: the hopes of the rising nations of the east, the hope of justice and freedom which Communism seems able to raise, the hopes of peace and freedom which we all hold? These are precisely the questions which the World Council of Churches has set itself to think about in preparation for its second World Assembly, to be held in the United States in 1954.

To help in sorting it all out, the World Council Central Committee invited some twenty-five well-known thinkers and leaders to meet from time to time. The recent report of their second annual meeting begins:

In such a time as this, the Church of Jesus Christ cannot but speak of hope. He is our hope, and as we have our hope in Him we are bound to proclaim that hope to the world. This is the fundamental reason for the choice of this theme.

But we must admit that it is made difficult to speak about the Christian hope without being misunderstood, for two opposite reasons. On the one hand, for many Christians, all the teaching in the New Testament about the return of Christ in power has almost dropped out of sight. Certainly, they hope that as individuals they will be raised with Christ from death to everlasting life, but the thought of His eternal triumph over all evil and of His reign in glory has little or no place in their daily life and prayer. But, on the other hand, small circles of Christians seem to think about nothing else, and their speculations about the date and manner of what they call 'the Second Coming' seem so wild and fanciful that other Christians tend to dismiss the whole idea as the hobby-horse of cranks. Yet, as the report says:

Those who preach apocalyptic views are right in pointing out that the New Testament is full of references to a salvation yet to be revealed, a Kingdom yet to come. The response which they evoke among many who are poor, wretched, and despised or disillusioned and frustrated is a reminder to us that many hearts long for some mighty change in things as they are, some great deliverance from their lot.

As often happens in religion, we are dealing with conceptions beyond ordinary human experience, but we have no means for describing them but human language. The essential thing is to interpret the biblical language so that people can see what it means to speak of Christ as

already in a position of power and authority and yet as having a further stage, to which we all look forward, when the power and authority will no longer be known only to faith but will be evident for all to see. The Bible has already given us a certain language, which all Christians inherit alike, and our task is first to see what it is saying in itself and then to try to get that meaning across to others.

The next section of the report tries to make this clear by a series of biblical texts followed by explanation or commentary upon them. Three thoughts must always be held together in this connection: Christ has come, is present, and is to come. The third is meaningless unless you remember that the character of the Coming Lord has already been seen in Jesus of Nazareth and that the experience, in our lives as Christians now, of His living presence is both based upon the historical reality of the days of His flesh and is a clue to the kind of thing we can expect when we see Him in His fullness.

One of the New Testament phrases to describe what Jesus started and continues is 'the new age'. Already, when the power of God really gets hold of people, we see lives being completely changed. Old and strong evil habits are conquered; the sick are healed by faith; death becomes something not to fear; men and women live already a community life of love and power. That is how we know that 'the new age' has started—it is paying instalments (or 'first-fruits' as the New Testament calls them) of something unbelievably wonderful when the whole thing is delivered, when present earthly life is over.

Never mind just when and how 'the end' is to come. One of the things Jesus was quite definite about is that we must not make wild guesses about that because only God knows the answer. The point is that, whatever happens to our lesser hopes, the thing that we look forward to, in the end, is a completion of man's fragmentary existence, into which the values achieved within history are gathered up, to be shared endlessly in perfect communion by all God's children.

In the light of that hope we must see all men's other hopes. Men were made to be hopeful. It comes out in three ways today among those who have not seen the meaning of the Christian hope. The report speaks of these under the labels Stalinism, scientific humanism, and democratic Utopianism. Each of these dreams echoes something of the truth as shown to the world by God in Christ; each of them also contains perversions and distortions of the truth. So each needs to see how its true goals can only be reached and its perversions eliminated by bringing these secular hopes under the dominion of God in Christ.

Need for Concrete Service

But that [says the report] is no mere pious act or sentimental notion, but something which must involve varied forms of concrete service. Thus many may find themselves led actively to participate in the political struggle against racial oppression and for the achievement of a more just economic order. There is absolutely no sanction in the Christian Gospel for indifference to crying human needs; rather the imperative is clear that we must do all that is in our power to meet them and find the Son of Man Himself in the very least of his brethren. If, indeed, we say that the deepest level of our existence lies in the love of God made concrete in Jesus Christ, it is ours to show this forth not in word only but in deed.

The last part of the report speaks of 'The Christian hope and our earthly calling'. I cannot now discuss how we might work out the relationship in terms of daily life, as we think of God in Christ as being our peace, our righteousness, our freedom, our life, and our truth. All those five words are very urgently relevant to our present world situation. What I hope I have shown is why the Council considered that a fresh and firm grappling with the meaning of Christian hope was the most relevant thing that Christians could do, as we meet in a world so full of false hopes, so full of hopelessness, and so full of people who wonder whether all our little hopes, for our children, for ourselves, and for peace can all be gathered up into some great, all-embracing hope which will not let us down. As Christians, we believe that there is such a hope. God is not only in the past and present: He is all that matters in the future.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

December 3-9

Wednesday, December 3

Commonwealth Ministers discuss trade policy and commodity prices

Colonial Secretary makes statement in Commons about the detention of Africans in Kenya

Eleven former Czech Communist leaders hanged for treason

Thursday, December 4

Prime Minister announces that the defence production programme is to be curtailed on account of our economic position

Commonwealth Ministers attend meeting of British Cabinet to discuss world problems

General Templer, British High Commissioner in Malaya, says in London that 'we are starting to get the shooting war in Malaya under control'

Friday, December 5

General Eisenhower begins return journey to United States after visiting Korea for three days

Nairobi police detain several thousand Africans for questioning

Secretary-General of the Tunisian Workers' Union murdered near Tunis

Saturday, December 6

United States Government announces that it will not interfere with American firms that try to ship oil from Persia, but warns them that they risk legal action

Heavy fog interferes with transport in London and eastern England

Details are published of curtailment of aircraft production

Sunday, December 7

President of U.N. General Assembly makes personal appeal to Chinese and North Korean authorities to accept Indian plan for ending Korean war

General Neguib, the Egyptian Prime Minister, meets Mustafa El Nahas, former leader of the Wafd

Fog completely disrupts London road traffic

Monday, December 8

The Earl Marshal announces changes in arrangements for Coronation

Forty killed in rioting in Morocco

Mr. Eden answers questions in Commons about British rights in Persia

Tuesday, December 9

French Resident-General visits Casablanca to inquire into riots

System of identity documents to be instituted for Kikuyu tribesmen in Kenya

British Ambassador in Cairo sees General Neguib to discuss Sudan



Mau Mau suspects being driven from their hiding places in a maize plantation by Kikuyu 'Home Guards' and Kenya police during a round-up in the Mahiga location, south of Nyeri, last week



H.M. the Queen addressing members of the staff of the Bank of England from a balcony overlooking the courtyard when she visited the Bank to lunch with the Governor and directors on December 4. The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, toured the building and saw the Bank's first charter, granted in 1694. Since that time there is no record of a reigning sovereign being entertained to luncheon or dinner at the Bank

Right: a bus being guided by the light of a flare over a crossing in Aldgate in the City during the dense fog that blanketed London last week-end. The Automobile Association said on Sunday that they had never known worse conditions. Sea, rail, road, and air services were all dislocated and many people stranded



On December 3 Palace for the Conference in 1 Room, shows H wearing the Ord Senanayake, Pr Prime Minister Prime Minister Robert Menzies Laurent, Prime Finance Minister Prime Minister



Queen gave a dinner party at Buckingham Palace. Above, the Queen and Commonwealth Ministers attending the Economic Conference. This photograph, taken in the Throne Room, shows the Queen in a white lace crinoline gown and the Duke of Garter, with, left to right, Mr. Dudley Edwards, Minister of Ceylon; Sir Godfrey Huggins, Premier of Southern Rhodesia; Mr. Sidney Holland, Minister of New Zealand; Mr. Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Great Britain; Mr. Louis St. Laurent, Minister of Canada; Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of South Africa; Mr. Kwaja Nazimuddin, Prime Minister of Pakistan; and Sir Chintaman Deshmukh, Finance Minister of India.



General Eisenhower inspecting the British Commonwealth Division during his three-day visit to Korea last week. The General said he had no trick ways of solving the Korean problem, but much could and would be done to improve the position.



Some of the regalia that will be used at the Coronation: above, the Imperial State Crown which was made for Queen Victoria in 1838; left, St. Edward's Crown, with which monarchs since the time of Charles II have been crowned; the Orb; the Sceptre with Cross and the Sceptre with Dove; the Sovereign's Ring.

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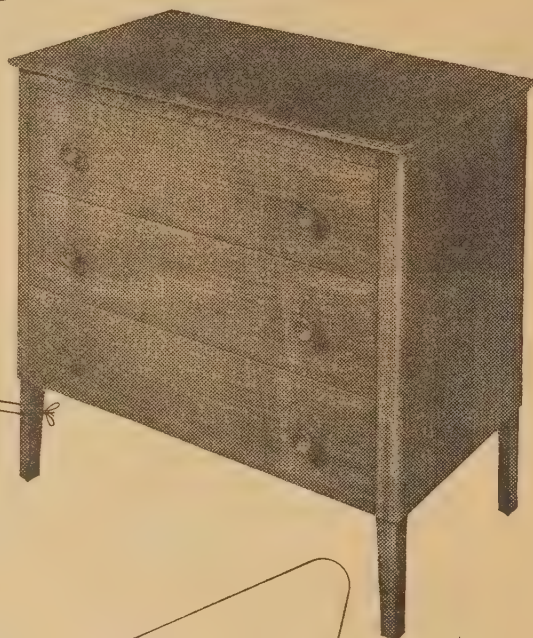


Nunnington Hall, a Yorkshire manor house, which has been left to the National Trust by the late Mrs. Ronald Fife.



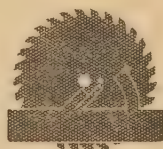
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CRC 4

Two Birds from a Spanish Cage

By LAURIE LEE

WE had come to the southern city of Algeciras, and taken a room in a hotel that stood close to the harbour's edge among the masts of the fishing boats. It was called The Queen of the Sea, and its walls were faced with the wave-blue tiles of Seville, and there was a glass-roofed, colonnaded *patio* so stuffed with bushes and climbing plants that as we sat there in the dim, green light, eating the hundred kinds of shellfish the hotel offered, we felt we were feeding deeply off the ocean floor.

But we soon settled down, and became part of the furniture, polished each day by the curious courtesies of the staff. Ramon, the manager, revealed from behind his brooding face a quiet, almost tender, sense of humour. At dinner the first night he gave me a cigarette—a cheap, strong, local brand tasting of tar and feathers.

'We call them "forget-me-nots"', he said. 'If you forget them—they go out'.

'I'll never forget this one', I said, and he laughed from his throat like a laugh from a tomb.

Manolo, our waiter, on the other hand, never laughed at all. He was a young man, of about twenty-two, with a small, thin body and a long, large head which made him look as though he had been carved for a cathedral niche. He had beautiful eyelashes and dark, wet eyes that seemed to be focused perpetually upon some distant vista of voluptuous melancholy. He served each meal as though he were serving Mass, with many little bows and elaborate flourishes of the napkin. He always brought me the fattest prawns, because I liked them. And, on the second night, without a word of warning and with only the slightest of smiles on his curved lips, he presented me with a poem.

It was written out in immaculate copper-plate handwriting such as I have never seen before, except on a five-pound note. There were about thirty lines to the poem, and its subject was love. I read it through in silence, while Manolo rocked gently on his heels, his head on one side, like a waiter who waits for a client to pronounce on a sauce. At last I looked up.

'It is mine', he said. 'I am a poet. I wrote it but yesterday at a late hour of the night. It is beautiful'.

I agreed that it was so, and I said that it was full of fine thoughts, too. And that was enough for Manolo. From then on he brought me a new poem every day. At the hotel he worked continually from eleven in the morning to twelve o'clock at night. Yet every morning there was a new poem laid out on my table, beautifully inscribed in that flowing hand. There were poems to God, to his boy friend, to anxiety, to the Catholic kings, to anarchy, and to 'our unquiet love'.

'What inspiration', I said at last.

'It is sensibility', he answered simply. 'I have much of it'.

We no longer professed any interest in food; our conversations assumed a higher plane. Previously, Manolo had been in the habit of gliding up to our table and inclining his mouth to my ear to warn me about the fish or the rice. Now, approaching me in the same confidential manner, he would whisper hoarsely: 'Love is an earthquake of happiness, of which the heart is the epicentre'. Or 'What is youth save hope? What is age except regret?' Following such pronouncements he would cock his head for a moment, raise a black eyebrow, then glide without another word back to the service hatch.

This was provocation, of course, and put me on my mettle, so that in my imperfect Spanish I wrestled with epigrams to astonish him also. There followed days in which we never met without exchanging *pensamientos* in hushed, grave tones. 'God is a fable writ in holy water', he would whisper, passing me with a bowl of soup. I would savour this with a low 'Ah!', and we would nod solemnly to each other, then go on about our business. Presently, on my way out into the street, I might find him standing by the door. He would draw back, bowing slightly. 'Love's dart is like a mosquito', I would hiss in his ear, 'for both engender fever'. At this his body would stiffen for a moment, struck still with the truth of it, then he would shake his head and sigh heavily, giving me a look of professional admiration.

For Manolo, flicking the dishes with his butterfly napkin, or gazing blindly at the ceiling with his melting eyes, was, at all times, a professional indeed.

On another night we went out to the Street of the Two Brothers, to a wine cave that had attracted us by its shabby look and the merry sounds we heard coming from within. The place was nothing more than a low-arched drinking tunnel, full of fishermen, dim light, and flickering gothic shadows. There were no glass-topped tables here, no chromium-plated mirrors, paper flowers, blonde barmaids, and pin-tables. The *café* was stripped down to the bare boards of good fellowship—a whitewashed wall, a rough wood bar, wine in great vats, and men in tempestuous good humour.

As we entered we heard a fisherman singing an ecstatic fandango that shivered the roots of one's hair. The singer, who was leaning against a barrel of Amontillado, was a short wiry little man, scrub-haired, swarthy-faced, with a profile from Egypt. He wore a blue jersey and torn linen trousers, and he was surrounded by a rapt group of friends whose shining, weather-beaten faces were creased in the very excesses of pleasure.

We drank black wine at sixpence a bottle and listened to him. He stood there stiffly, his eyes closed, his dark face raised to the light, singing with a powerful, controlled passion that shook his whole body through. At the beginning of each verse his limbs convulsed, as though gathering their strength; and at the end he reached such shuddering paroxysms of intricate invention that the whole room roared with praise. He sang through the nose, with the high-pitched cry of Africa, and he sang with the most natural grief and happiness, varying the words with little phrases of his own full of sly wickedness and tragic beauty.

They told me his name was Pepe and that he came from Huelva, the old Phoenician port east of Cadiz. And from the look of his sharp, dark face and slanting eyes, remote as a buried mask, he might easily have been one of the founders of that city. He looked as though he had landed that day from a voyage that began 5,000 years before. And he sang—making up the words as he went along—of boats and storms, of saints and monsters, of mysterious longings and mysterious loves. He sang, too, a *Saetas* I shall never forget, a savage impromptu of adoration to the Virgin, harsh, scalp-raising, and accompanied by sonorous drumbeats on an empty barrel.

As the evening wore on, and more wine was drunk, Pepe grew more and more excited. He seized a straw hat and a broom, and became a delicious clown. With rolling eyes and a perfectly controlled body he aped the Civil Governor and the Governor's wife; a crab caught in a trap; the soldiers of Napoleon, and the 'Duc de Wellington'. The last two, brushing aside 150 years with a few superb gestures, brought down the house as though they were the most topical of jokes. Flushed with triumph now, Pepe looked round the bar seeking for further inspiration, and his eyes fell on Kati. She was the only woman there. He snatched off his hat and pressed it to his heart, then advanced towards me, and bowed.

'With your permission', he said, 'I am you'.

He stood close beside me and turned to Kati, and with hands and body and fluid voice sang immediate love-songs right into her eyes. From then on, Pepe and I were drinking out of the same bottle. He was I. His arm was about my shoulder. 'With your permission', he said, and began a new verse. He reeked of wine and olives, of garlic and the sea. He reeked also of glory. And he looked into Kati's eyes and sang songs of such touching tenderness and grace, such delicate perfection, that I grieve that I can no longer remember them.

I loved that man, and envied him. He inhabited still the pure sources of feeling that once animated us all. For us, of course, they are increasingly clogged by each new triumph of enlightenment and comfort. But for Pepé, and for so many others like him in Spain, they are still preserved by the paradoxes of poverty, illiteracy, bad roads, and the great silences of the mountains and the sea.

—From 'New Soundings' (Third Programme)

MOULDY ROT



"**MOULDY ROT**" is a fungus disease that attacks the rubber tree and restricts its yield of latex—the substance from which rubber is produced. Growing on the tree where it is cut for tapping, this fungus has caused irreparable damage on plantations in Malaya, for it spreads rapidly and the fungicides used against it in the past did not always control the disease effectively. Working on the problem in 1946, the Rubber Research Institute of Malaya invited I.C.I. to collaborate in developing certain newly discovered organic compounds with fungicidal properties. I.C.I. Dyestuffs Division accordingly produced a number of experimental samples which were tested in the Hawthorndale laboratories of the company's agricultural research station at Jealott's Hill in Berkshire and then sent out to Malaya. In comprehensive field trials carried out by the Rubber Research Institute, one of these fungicides—subsequently named "Fylomac" 90—proved entirely effective in controlling mouldy rot disease. Easily applied by spray and containing a violet dye to mark trees that have been treated, "Fylomac" 90 is now widely used in Malaya—the largest rubber-producing and dollar earning country in the British Commonwealth.



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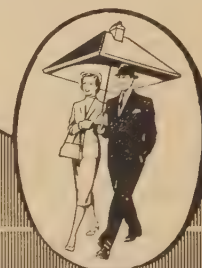
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The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'Guilty but Insane'

Sir,—In an admirably presented broadcast entitled 'Guilty but Insane' (November 28) Nesta Pain set herself the difficult task of appraising, in the light of evidence given before the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, the position of the M'Naghten Rules, which for over 100 years have been used in the medico-legal assessment of responsibility in cases of murder. Although she brought out very clearly the confusion of counsel in this matter that has existed and still prevails, both in legal and in psychiatric circles, the listener may well have found himself in some confusion as to the upshot of the discussion. On the one hand he may have thought that when legal rules have to be stretched to bursting point to meet the requirements of commonsense, they are due for radical revision; and, on the other, he may have felt that, to judge from many of the opinions expressed, the rules are sufficiently elastic to be left as they are. In view of the importance of the issue, affecting as it does not only the narrower problem of insanity and murder but the whole question of responsibility in cases of 'pathological crime' of whatever sort, it seems desirable to emphasise that the case against the existing M'Naghten Rules is a good deal stronger than the broadcast would lead one to imagine.

It must be admitted, of course, that the confusion of expert opinion was greatly confounded by the circumstance that a lay commission had been set the almost impossible task of adjudicating on a highly technical problem. As the questions put to witnesses showed there was no clear direction as to the various issues involved; terms such as responsibility, diminished responsibility, normality, psychopathy, wickedness, conscience, consciousness, personality, protection by execution and the like were freely canvassed without any precise ruling as to their relevance to the main problem. Added to which there was little or no reference to the key problem of unconscious mental factors in anti-social conduct.

More important, however, is the fact that the M'Naghten Rules controversy no longer lies between some judges concerned mainly with public safety and with the preservation of law and some psychiatrists concerned mainly with the anti-social behaviour of some insane persons. In the past twenty-five years a new science of criminology has established itself, the concept of pathological crime, meaning by this term, offences committed as a direct consequence or expression of mental or physical disorder, has been greatly extended and the battery of tests (psychiatric, psychological, sociological, and physical), by which these disorders can be recognised, brought to a considerable degree of efficiency. It is this increased efficiency which in the long run provides the strongest guarantee of public safety, for accurate diagnosis is the first and most important step towards effective prevention and treatment. In the evidence brought by the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency before the Royal Commission, these aspects of the problem were fully documented, and the fact emphasised that such genuine uncertainties as exist should be met not by tinkering with an outmoded set of rules but by appropriate research. In view of the heated state of present journalistic opinion regarding the desirability of meeting crimes of violence with violent punishment, these modern criminologi-

cal concepts should be given wider publicity.

Yours, etc.,

EDWARD GLOVER
Chairman of the Scientific Committee
Institute for the Study and Treatment
of Delinquency

London, W.1

Browning Seen Plain

Sir,—Mr. Herbert Read, in the final sentence of his review of my book, has done Elizabeth Barrett Browning an injustice. If she wrote of Robert Browning, a few weeks after their marriage, that 'his genius, and all but miraculous attainments, are the least things in him, the moral nature being of the very noblest', it was in an attempt to balance the personal qualities of the man against his public reputation: to refute her father's accusation that 'I have sold my soul for genius . . . mere genius'. Far from underestimating poetic genius, she valued it above all things. Her 'reverence' (her own word) for the poetry of Robert Browning preceded by many years her introduction to the poet, and it survived so triumphantly the vicissitudes of intimacy that in 1855 she affirmed herself 'ready to die at the stake' for her faith in 'Men and Women'. Where poetry is concerned, she wrote, he 'is worth twenty of me'.

As to what Mr. Read calls 'the mystery of creative genius', here, where Miss Mitford's doctrine was 'that everything put into the poetry, is taken out of the man and lost utterly by him', Elizabeth believed that 'the poet is the inmost man, the most real man of all'.

With regard to the extinction of Browning's genius during his later years, I should like to make it clear that the phrase 'the last twenty years of the poet's life' specifically excludes both the composition and the publication of 'The Ring and the Book'.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

BETTY MILLER

An Un-English Activity?

Sir,—May I record a vigorous protest against the direction taken by some correspondents following the talks on the value of art history?

That art history should become a curriculum subject for examination in schools is to consign art to that limbo in which Mr. Clifton-Taylor's chemistry studies for ever languish. Set examinations are already a top-heavy structure and one which cannot be designated 'education' except in a strictly limited sense. Nor is the subject merely a source of background—to historians, for instance. The study of a culture, be it that of the 'Beaker' people of Ancient Britain or the Third Republic of France, will certainly be a study of its people in relation to their activities, social, cultural, and political.

The study of creative activity is a worthy subject in its own right and a rewarding pleasure. That it is too rarely pursued as such is the fault of an examination curriculum and faulty teaching. The teacher may lose a lever, or a bludgeon, if art history is not an examination subject requiring a 'pass' and it may therefore be difficult to stimulate and maintain interest or study. The alternative can only be the possession of knowledge of the history of art and skill in the technique of promoting interest and study.

I fear too many students leave their art schools or universities with only a faint knowledge of

a few painters, and depart from their teachers' training colleges without having acquired or even been introduced to the technique, vastly different from that of teaching painting or chemistry, which Professor Pevsner so properly described as keeping 'young people's eyes open, and opening them if they are still glued up—an extremely gratifying job in many ways'.—Yours, etc.,

Sedbergh

ALEXANDER INGLIS

In Mr. Harold Speed's letter published last week two words were misread: Turner did not 'juggle' but 'fumbled' 'with pure colour, etc.' It was Pissarro not Picasso who would not admit Turner's influence.

Reith Lectures—IV

(continued from page 972)

sustain life on a nineteenth-century version of it with the religion left out, is Communism the only alternative? The answer to this question is that, in China, and also in India, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, long before Communism was ever dreamed of, a different alternative was found and tried by the Jesuit western Christian missionaries. It is true that this experiment came to grief, but it was wrecked, not by any intrinsic faults of its own, but by unfortunate rivalries and dissensions between the Jesuits and other Roman Catholic Christian missionary orders.

In China and India the Jesuits did not make the mistake, that they had made in Japan, of letting their preaching of Christianity fall under suspicion of being conducted in the political interests of aggressive western powers. The Jesuits' approach to their enterprise of propagating Christianity in China and India was so different and so promising in itself, and is so much to the point today, that our discussion of the Asian peoples' encounter with the west would be incomplete if we did not take into consideration the line which the Jesuits in China and India opened out. Instead of trying, as we have been trying since their day, to disengage a secular version of the western civilisation from Christianity, the Jesuits tried to disengage Christianity from the non-Christian ingredients in the western civilisation and to present Christianity to the Hindus and to the Chinese, not as the local religion of the west, but as a universal religion with a message for all mankind. The Jesuits stripped Christianity of its accidental and irrelevant western accessories, and offered the essence of it to China in a Chinese, and to India in a Hindu, intellectual and literary dress in which there was no incongruous western embroidery to jar on Asian sensibilities. This experiment miscarried at the first attempt through the fault of domestic feuds within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church of the day, which had nothing to do with either Christianity or China or India; but, considering that India and China and Christianity are still on the map, we may expect and hope to see the experiment tried again. The recent victory of Communism in China over a western civilisation divorced from Christianity is no evidence that, in China, Christianity has no future in a coming chapter of history which today is still below our historical horizon.

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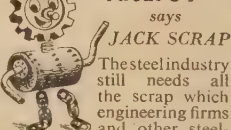
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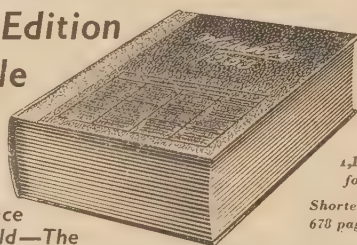
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December in Greenhouse and Garden

By P. J. THROWER

IT has been a rather difficult time for plants in the garden frame; they have had to be covered at night with either straw or sacking to give them that extra protection, and on a few days it was not wise to uncover them at all. This covering always causes a heavy, damp atmosphere in the frames—in fact, if you have looked in you will have seen the moisture hanging on the glass and round the sides of the frame. This is not good for plants, whether it be the roots of the outdoor flowering chrysanthemums, geraniums which you are hoping to keep through the winter, lettuce, calceolarias, or whatever it may be. Whenever the weather is fine and not frosty it is always a good plan either to take the frame lights off for an hour or so each day, or to prop the lights up a little to let in as much fresh air as possible. The plants will also want looking over because, with being shut up for so long, the conditions in the frame have been ideal for fungus, or what the gardener calls damp. You will notice that any dead leaves will be covered in a mould: this will quickly affect other leaves, and any leaves or parts of plants affected in this way should be picked off and removed from the frame because this fungus, like many others, spreads by spores which float about in the atmosphere. This also applies to greenhouses which are not heated, and sometimes to those which have got heat.

Controlling Humidity

At this time of year it is always a sound policy to pick off any dead leaves there may be, and particularly from the geraniums or it will soon affect the stems: they will go black and you will lose the plants. It is much easier to control the humidity of the atmosphere in the greenhouse than it is in the frame, and it does want controlling during cold weather. A little warmth, however small the amount, will make all the difference, and there are today many improved greenhouse heaters at quite reasonable prices. The other day I saw an electric heater with an element similar to that in an electric kettle to heat the water, and this was thermostatically controlled. The other way of controlling the humidity is by being very careful when using water: you do not want water on the floors and stagings when the temperature is very low, and always be very careful not to water any plant unless it is really dry. It does not matter if it gets to the point of flagging, it will be all the better for it.

I have had a number of letters from listeners during the past season saying they have had a brownish mould on the leaves of their tomatoes. They ask what it is, and how it is controlled. It is what is commonly called tomato-leaf mould and has a terrible name, 'cladisporum'. This has been very bad during the past few years and is spread from leaf to leaf by fungus spores floating about in the atmosphere, and it is at this time of the year that something can be done about it. Before we get busy with seed sowing the house should be thoroughly cleaned down. When it is cold and wet outside this is a grand job under cover. I have spent very many hours with a scrubbing brush, hot water, and soft soap in the winter-time. If you add a little paraffin or good disinfectant to the water it will kill any eggs of red spider, thrips, or any other pests which may be hiding for the winter.

I have many times stressed the importance of light to plants. By cleaning the glass you are helping your plants to get the maximum amount of light, and if you are unfortunate enough to be in an industrial area, then the outside of the glass will need to be cleaned too, and to make a really first-class job and give all the plants a good beginning there are the seed boxes, the pots, and even the water tank in the greenhouse to clean as well.

The chrysanthemums in the greenhouse will soon have finished flowering. Before they do finish it is important to mark any plants which show any signs of the cucumber mosaic virus. On those plants affected, the flowers do not open properly, the petals are thin and spiky, and on the dark-coloured varieties quite often the petals are streaked with light markings. To save and take cuttings from plants like this is only increasing the disease and carrying it on from year to year. The virus is in the sap of the plants, so therefore it is bound to be in the young cuttings. Any plants of which you are at all doubtful

or which show any symptoms should be burnt before they have time to affect your clean plants. The disease is carried from plant to plant by sucking insects and of course can be carried even by the knife you use to cut the flowers.

Those plants which you intend to save for your cuttings can have the tops cut off, but do not cut them down too low, leave at least twelve or eighteen inches of stem. I prefer not to leave them in the pots—not only do they take up a lot of room and hinder you in cleaning the greenhouse, but I am sure they are better if you shake off a lot of the soil and put the roots in boxes with a little fresh soil round them. Keep them in a light place: the cuttings will be sturdy and healthy and make better plants for you next year.

Outside there is the pruning of the fruit trees to attend to, but I would not attempt this if I were you when the weather is frosty. There is far too much hard pruning done: the more you prune the more growth the tree will make, and quite often when the tree makes a lot of growth it produces much less fruit. I know on cordons and those trees trained on walls pruning is more necessary, but the time to do most of this is in the summer, late July and August. If you have bush or standard trees it is much better to thin the growths and branches rather than cut back all the young growths. The main principles of pruning are, in the case of young trees, prune fairly hard to shape and form the branch framework of the tree. Once the framework is formed only light pruning, if any, should be done, to encourage the tree to make fruit buds and give you a crop as early as possible, because fruiting will greatly control the amount of growth the tree will make; and on older and larger trees, thinning of the branches and growths so that all parts of the tree get plenty of light and air and to keep the tree in a balanced state of growth. It is much better not to prune at all for a year or two than to go to the trees automatically each year and cut all the young growths back. Far too many fruit trees are spoiled every year by over-pruning.

A Choice of Hedges

I often have enquiries from listeners about the best type of hedge to plant. The most common, I suppose, is privet or laurel, and then there is quick-thorn, beech, cypressus, yew, some of the more upright-growing berberis, hornbeam and holly.

Let us take the privet first: we know it is evergreen and quick growing: that is its main advantage. The disadvantages are it does tend to rob the soil more than some of the others, and to keep a privet hedge looking as it should do it wants clipping at least four times a year. Laurel is a good screen but it does not make what we could call a neat hedge. It should never be clipped with shears because of disfiguring the large leaves; the only way to do it is to cut each growth with secateurs. Quickthorn is reasonable in price, usually about forty shillings per 100, it is fairly quick growing and makes a good solid boundary which will often prevent bad boys from stealing the apples, and once established will keep out cattle. It requires clipping only once a year in late July or August. Its main disadvantage is that it is not evergreen, but for all that it does not look unsightly in wintertime. Beech makes a very attractive hedge. We cannot say that it is fast growing, but it retains its coppery bronze leaves all through the winter. This is an advantage, and yet a disadvantage because in spring when everywhere is clean and tidy the beech hedge sheds these leaves. Cupressus, yew and other conifers, while making very neat and pleasing hedges, are rather expensive to purchase. The only one of these I would advise you against is *Cupressus macrocarpa*, as this does sometimes have a habit of dying out in very severe weather. *Berberis stenophylla* is sometimes used, and looks pretty when it flowers in May and June, and, of course, the berries are gay in autumn, but I would not call it a good boundary hedge. Hornbeam makes a good hedge, but is rather slow. The green holly is very good: it is, of course, evergreen and rather prickly but slow in its growth and, again, rather expensive. For an all-purpose hedge at reasonable cost I would prefer the quick-thorn.—From a talk in the Midland Home Service

Dutch Art

By JOHN POPE-HENNESSY

FROM 1927 till 1938 the galleries of Burlington House were the scene of the finest exhibitions of European painting held in living memory. Since 1945 they have again become the scene of exhibitions, but of lower quality and on a less ambitious scale. They have housed paintings from the Royal Collection (a heterogeneous group of pictures bound together by the thread of common ownership), a French landscape exhibition (in which artists from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries demonstrated their agility in evading the true problems of painting landscape), an exhibition of works by Holbein and his English contemporaries, and last and not least a survey of one hundred years of painting by members of the Royal Academy. The newly opened exhibition of Dutch pictures marks an abrupt departure from this dispiriting tradition, and offers us for the first time a display which need fear no comparison with the great exhibitions organised before the war. Though drawn primarily from collections in this country, filled out with a handful of masterpieces from Holland (among them Vermeer's 'Street in Delft'), it gives a comprehensive, and in some respects unrivalled, survey of seventeenth-century Dutch painting.

Among the figure paintings pride of place belongs to the forty-seven Rembrandts. These illustrate almost the whole range of the master's work. Among them is one of the most distinguished of the early portraits, the Rosebery 'Johannes Uytenbogaert' of 1633 (No. 88), two superlative portraits of the 'forties, the Duke of Westminster's 'Man with a Hawk' (No. 158) and 'Lady with a Fan' (No. 162), a magnificent group of paintings from the 'fifties, among them the Faringdon 'Clement de Jonghe' (No. 165), the 'Old Man Lost in Thought' from Chatsworth (No. 172), and the Duke of Buccleuch's 'Old Woman Reading' (No. 178), and, from the end of Rembrandt's life, the 'Denial of St. Peter' from the Rijksmuseum (No. 188), and the moving 'Self-Portrait' from Kenwood (No. 176). In the 'Belshazzar's Feast' from Knowsley (No. 160) and the huge 'Equestrian Portrait' from Panshanger (No. 270) we catch a glimpse of Rembrandt as a Baroque artist. The representation of Frans Hals is less even, but it includes one of the brilliant portrait groups from Haarlem (less effective here than when shown with a side light), the direct and appealing 'Boy with a Skull' (No. 102), and a hitherto unknown 'Portrait of a Girl' owned by Mr. George Wyndham (No. 137), sensitive in modelling and silvery in tone. It is only in old age that Hals unexpectedly emerges as one of the greatest of all portrait painters. In the present exhibition this last phase is illustrated by no more than a single work, but that a masterpiece, the disquieting 'Portrait of Herman Langelius' from Amiens (No. 48).

The genre paintings contain a formidable series of Terborchs and De Hoochs. Prominent among the former is the Rothschild 'Duet' (No. 411), and among the latter the Fattorini 'Scene in a Courtyard'

(No. 413). Since the 'Music Lesson' from the Royal Collection (No. 515) is the only example of a comparable painting by Vermeer, the effect made by these artists is not, as in past exhibitions and in the Rijksmuseum, marred by invidious comparisons. This part of the exhibition is dominated by the personality of Steen, whose work, in this collection and near-by at Apsley House, can now be studied more fully than at any previous time. In the famous 'Morning Toilet' lent by the Queen (No. 512), with its fantastically complex perspective scheme, the Allendale 'Effects of Intemperance' (No. 569), with its bold flight of stairs, and the Berninésque bravura of Lord Ellesmere's 'Village School' (No. 562), the incomparable wealth of Steen's invention is clearly evident.

Among the landscapes many commonly accepted judgments will require to be revised. A roomful of Jacob Ruysdaels is headed by two majestic landscapes lent by Lord Crawford (Nos. 302, 304), and includes a number of the small lyrical paintings where Ruysdael reveals a unity with nature that we in this country think of as the prerogative of the nineteenth century. Pre-eminent among them is Sir Edmund Bacon's 'Castle of Bentheim' (No. 298) and the lovely little 'Landscape with Sportsmen' from the Frans Hals Museum at Haarlem (No. 309). The Konincks are distinguished by the great landscape from the University of Glasgow (No. 267) and Lord Crawford's astonishing 'Impending Storm' (No. 273); and the Salomon Ruysdaels by Lord Vivian's mellow 'Ferry' (No. 265).

On the reputations of two artists in particular this exhibition should have a decisive influence. These are Van Goyen and Cuyp. To see so many paintings by Van Goyen in a single gallery is to feel a new respect

for his fidelity to perceived phenomena and for his marvellously subtle sense of tone, and those who think of him principally as a small-scale artist will certainly be unprepared for the firm space-architecture of the great canvases from Petworth, the 'View of Haarlem' (No. 259) and the 'Mass at Dordrecht' (No. 241).

An artist of greater scope, Cuyp is represented in this exhibition by twenty-eight paintings. In many of these the local colour values have been enhanced by cleaning, notably in the large landscape from Dulwich (No. 159), whose misty light was likened by Hazlitt to 'the down on an unripe nectarine', and in the rhapsodical 'Landscape with Herdsmen and Cattle' (No. 174). The bulk of the Cuypers are hung, with admirable intelligence and taste, between the Rembrandts in Gallery III, but some of them have been separated from the rest, and in one of these, the Yarborough 'Huis te Merwede' (No. 340), where a wintry sun is reflected on the frozen Maas, the great classical artist of the landscapes becomes, for a brief interval, the poet of ordinary life, and produces what is perhaps the most magical painting in this rich and satisfying display.



'Portrait of Herman Langelius' by Frans Hals, from the Royal Academy exhibition

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

A History of the Crusades. Vol. II. The Kingdom of Jerusalem and the Frankish East 1100-1187.

By Steven Runciman. Cambridge. 42s.

THE FIRST VOLUME of Mr. Runciman's *History of the Crusades* made it apparent that here was a major work of historical scholarship, and that both the erudition and skill of its author were worthy of his ambitious design. Now, in the present book, the high quality of its forerunner is sustained in a long narrative which is remarkable alike for its detail and its charm. Mr. Runciman can have few rivals in his mastery of the multitudinous and multilingual sources of crusading history, and his command of a limpid and stimulating prose enables him to give excellent effect to his wide and esoteric knowledge.

It is true that the epoch here considered is less inspiring than its predecessor. The defence of the Latin states of Outremer was more difficult than the capture of Jerusalem, and it was undertaken with an ever decreasing measure of success. A small aristocracy precariously established in a hostile land could survive only if one of two courses were followed. Either there must be a continuous stream of reinforcements from the west to replace losses by death and disease, or the settled inhabitants must adapt themselves to conditions of life in the east. Neither policy was consistently adopted, and there was always a clash between the resident Latins in the east who were prepared to live with their Moslem neighbours, and those who came out (in insufficient numbers) fired with the intransigent aspirations of the earlier militancy. The rival merits of these two attitudes may be diversely judged, but the opposition between them was a prime cause of the steady decline of the Latin kingdom in Syria. Mr. Runciman has here, therefore, to present a record of mean shifts and bungled policies, of high courage vitiated by treachery, of hopes belied and aspirations thwarted, until at last, on July 3, 1187, the climax of calamity was reached in that long massacre by Saladin which was the tragedy of the Horns of Hattin.

It is a long story of considerable confusion, and its central theme must be sought in the states of Outremer themselves, whose fortunes became ever more clouded. Yet these could seldom combine with each other or with those who might best be expected to help them. The King at Jerusalem had only a slight hold over his vassals. The great Crusading Orders—the Templars and Hospitaliers—were jealous of each other and of the secular princes. The Italian sea-ports who brought reinforcements were more concerned with profit than with the Crusade. And the eastern Emperors, who justly regarded themselves as the protectors of eastern Christendom, equally justly suspected the loyalty of the Franks. As early at 1104 Bohemond, prince of Antioch, was preaching a Holy War against Byzantium, and thus preparing the way for the sack of Constantinople by Christian troops a century later. Yet the western leaders of the second Crusade were themselves incompetent, and only the divisions within Islam enabled the Christian states of Syria to survive the consequences of their blunders. When, through the statesmanship of Nur-el-Din and Saladin, Islam began to attain a new unity, all hope for the principalities of Outremer began rapidly to pass away.

In telling the story of these recurrent disasters, Mr. Runciman preserves an air of cool detachment. He has himself no crusading ardour, but usually he escapes from too easy a cynicism.

His sympathies, when they are to be detected, lie in Constantinople rather than Jerusalem, and with Saladin rather than with the Franks. His book is a long record of campaigns in which he follows the chroniclers 'who knew their business', but his intricate account of diplomacy and war is throughout linked to the affairs both of western Christendom and of the Moslem world into which he has so deeply penetrated. He has also permitted himself a brilliant survey of life in Outremer at the time when its existence was threatened. In short, this volume, though less dramatic than its predecessor, is none the less to be acclaimed as a worthy instalment of the best history of the Crusades which has yet been written in English. Its sequel will be awaited with keen interest.

Chekhov. A Life by David Magarshack. Faber. 30s.

Don Juan (In the Russian Manner). By Anton Chekhov. English Version by Basil Ashmore.

Peter Nevill. 10s. 6d.

Like many humorists, Chekhov was a secretive man. His sociability and the wit and jokes in which he indulged so freely as a correspondent were, to some extent, a defence against intimacy. Spiritually he was shy, and having none of the intellectual and moral principles by which self-seeking men blunt their sensibility or reveal their lack of it, he developed his acute sense of the comic until it became to some degree a habit of evasion and concealment.

In this long and fully documented Life Mr. Magarshack has sought to explain and penetrate this disarming facade. Doubtless the habit reflected, to some extent, an innate need. But he finds the key to all that was most baffling in Chekhov's personality in two circumstances, the despotism of his father, whose continual whippings in childhood left 'a scar on his soul', and his realisation, when he was only twenty-four, that he was stricken with consumption. His determination to conceal this from his family, who were by then dependent upon him, and from his friends was so successful that at times he nearly deceived himself. Certainly, until his last years, he took little care of his health. Although he exaggerated when he described himself as 'a very dissolute and undisciplined fellow', he lived recklessly and the wonder is that he lived as long as he did. But there was tough fibre beneath his exceptional sensibility and, as Mr. Magarshack points out, his gentleness was not so much natural as achieved after much rigorous self-discipline. His father's harshness had taught him that 'people must never be humiliated', but his own nature had its strain of serenity and indifference. To it and to his medical training he owed the realistic grasp which underlay his romantic feeling and helped him to be so true to life as an artist.

Mr. Magarshack only appraises his art incidentally, but his claim that Chekhov's conception of his role as a writer was the very opposite of a fatalistic acceptance of things as they are is constantly confirmed by his letters and by his social activities as a doctor or in the convict settlement at Sakhalin. His journey to the Siberian 'Island of Lost Souls' may have been dictated by the need to run away from his love for Lydia Avilov, as Mr. Magarshack suggests, though it seems more likely that he went primarily in search of his own soul. Certainly his ill-health and what the called 'the benignant tumour' of his family were enough to justify

his recoil from marriage, though an abnormal reserve, which Olga Knipper only overcame after a struggle when he was a dying man, may have been the real cause. But no reader of this Life, as of his stories and plays, can question the warm spring of tenderness in his nature or the gay courage with which he lived. Like most consumptives he became increasingly subject to quick changes of mood. But his unattached zest for life never failed. Even black depression could not quench his humour.

Mr. Magarshack's biography is the fullest and most comprehensive that has yet appeared. It is rather formless, but embraces all that is known of Chekhov's relations with his family and his friends, with the distinguished men of his time and the movements in literature and the theatre which he did so much to influence. Above all, it brings us close to the man himself and his development as a writer.

Don Juan was composed by Chekhov in his student days and later re-written. This revised version, which was never completed, was first published in Russia three years ago. Mr. Basil Ashmore has based his version on this and supplied a perfectly Chekhovian ending of his own. Chekhov's *Don Juan* is a typically self-accusing village schoolmaster whom every woman pursues. Much of the play is broadly farcical, but it foreshadows in many ways the later master.

Ernest Bevin. By Francis Williams.

Hutchinson. 21s.

Has Mr. Williams written a success story, one wonders? Ernest Bevin was the son of a farm labourer, who obtained his first job in a town as a kitchen boy in a small restaurant in Bristol. He became the architect of the most powerful trade union in Great Britain, a founder of the modern *Daily Herald* (which he always called 'my paper'), a Cabinet Minister whose knowledge and genius contributed vastly to our victory in the last war, and a statesman who, but for his loyalty to Mr. Attlee, could have been Prime Minister. On the other hand, when he died many people inside and outside his own Party who appreciated his good intentions felt that he had failed as Foreign Secretary (that is not the opinion of his biographer), that he had clung to his office too long, that he had widened the gap between west and east, and that his handling of Palestine had been maladroit. Moreover it is often argued that the Transport and General Workers' Union is top-heavy.

Thus Ernest Bevin will long be a figure of controversy, and a historian writing a century hence when the party political questions of our own time are dead meat may give an appraisal that no one can confidently offer today. Meanwhile Mr. Williams has written an excellent character study, sympathetic but fair. As a former editor of the *Daily Herald* Mr. Williams knew Bevin well; that is an advantage. On the other hand, it induces him to embody in his story what might be described as the holy writ of the Labour movement, which only an ardent Labour man need take too seriously. Apart from that, he has written a much better book than Mr. Young's life of Baldwin. Such contemporary biographies ought always to be put into the hands of journalists rather than dons, for they have more of a feeling for their times (*Fleet Street* is a better *Aussichtspunkt* than the *Dreaming Towers*) and a readier facility for weaving a picture out of conversational tit-bits.

Bevin emerges as a ruthless figure with all the tough ability of the self-made man to ride

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rough-shod over the sensibilities of others. Bevin's treatment of George Lansbury in October, 1935, for example, is a fascinating story: one cannot help feeling sympathetic towards both the Christian pacifist and the trade union leader who felt so bitterly about the overthrow of his colleagues in Germany and Austria. Bevin was no pacifist; he was a fighter through and through. Born in 1881, he was beginning to realise his gifts for organisation in 1913 and was violent in an age of violence. His combination of relentless and even brutal oratory with an infinite patience as a negotiator was remarkable. But it did not make him sympathetic to the Russians who practised something of the same technique in their foreign relations. He inherited, as his biographer suggests, his mother's hatred for the domination of Church and Squire, and he identified himself with the dockers, who became 'my people'. As to his attitude to the educated and the intellectual, he seems to have mellowed as he grew older. He respected G. D. H. Cole and Stafford Cripps; but he was disappointed when Mr. Cole's S.S.I.P. became the Socialist League and he would never have any truck with the Communists or the 'Popular Front'. But when he went to the Foreign Office he liked his staff and persuaded Lord Halifax to remain as Ambassador in Washington. His biographer is able to resolve satisfactorily how a man essentially of the Left came to look like a man of the Right. Mr. Williams would not pretend he has written a definitive biography, but no future historian of our time can fail to profit from his book.

The White Lady. By Leonard Dubkin. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

The Watcher and the Red Deer

By Richard Perry. Hodge. 12s. 6d.

The Changing Wild Life of Britain

By H. L. Edlin. Batsford. 21s.

Insects Indomitable

By Evelyn Cheesman. Bell. 12s. 6d.

Animal Forms and Patterns

By Adolf Portmann. Faber. 25s.

The White Lady is wholly delightful; it is written with great skill and straightforward simplicity, nowhere striking a false note. It is an accurate account of the author's observations told without sentimentality or attempt at fine writing, and is completely charming in its revelation of the character both of the white bat and of the writer. Mr. Dubkin accidentally discovered a colony of brown bats in a 'grotto' on a piece of waste land in Chicago, and found himself drawn to the place night after night to watch the life of the animals. By extraordinarily good fortune he witnessed the birth of a bat—an albino that he called the White Lady—and was able to follow her life story because she was so easily identified. Between the author and the White Lady there sprang up an association that seemed to be one of friendship and understanding despite their totally dissimilar planes of existence. He handled and fed her, and even took her to his home; she knew and greeted him when he visited the colony.

The Watcher and the Red Deer shows Mr. Perry as a good observer who has got into intimate touch with the deer and the other wild life of the Highlands; he knows his country well and has obviously more than affection for it—he has become part of it. But the careful record of his observations is marred by a turgid style that tends towards purple patches and the occasional use of incongruous words, which become very monotonous when carried on for over 180 pages. In his last chapter he discusses the present position of the deer in Scotland; he

points out that they are a valuable source of meat in a protein-starved country, and that economic exploitation is not incompatible with their conservation. The most profitable forests carry cattle, sheep, and deer, provided good wintering heather is maintained for the last; and the reduction of a deer population of some 100,000 by 20,000 or more during the last decade may have done more good than harm to the stock. Although framing an Act of Parliament guaranteeing the future preservation of the deer is a matter of great complexity, the author is hopeful of success.

Mr. Edlin's book also deals with deer, among many other things, and devotes the first chapter to the considerable number of species that at one time inhabited the country or are now at large in it. But the book treats of most of the vertebrate fauna of Britain, and of the flora too, giving the history of the species that have been introduced or are spontaneous newcomers, as well as of those that have been exterminated or have decreased in numbers. The book is very well written and is packed with information, all of it interesting and much of it quite fascinating to anyone who cares for the wild life of the country; it is moreover accurate and authoritative. It brings out very clearly that the fauna and flora of a country are never static; they are always changing, sometimes slowly but often with unexpected speed. *The Changing Wild Life of Britain* is generously illustrated with excellent photographs and four colour plates, and the text is plentifully adorned with figures.

Skilfully executed and beautiful drawings also add great charm to Evelyn Cheesman's *Insects Indomitable*. The author has spent a lifetime in the study of insects, not only in the laboratory at home, but also in wild places, especially in the tropical forests of New Guinea. She has written this general study of insect life to relate as far as possible the reasons for the astonishing success of the insects in the course of evolution—there is probably more living matter in the shape of insects than in all the other animals put together. The facts recorded in this book are far stranger than any fiction, and make a story of absorbing interest that will delight not only the naturalist but perhaps also those who look upon insects as one of the curses laid upon mankind.

In *Animal Forms and Patterns* Professor Portmann of Basel emphasises that the outward appearance of animals is quite as important to the study of zoology as the inward structure that is investigated so minutely in the laboratory. The analysis of form and function sometimes tends to obscure the wider view of the animal as a whole. This book, which is well illustrated with most attractive drawings, is welcome for bringing the naturalist's attention to an aspect of the subject that has received too little attention.

The India I Knew. 1897-1947

By Sir Stanley Reed. Odhams. 21s.

In the line of Indo-British publicists Sir Stanley Reed holds a most distinguished position. He joined the *Times of India* fifty-five years ago, became editor in 1907, and was associated with the paper through a full half-century. His experience, therefore, covers the entire period of the great transition, unparalleled in the annals of empire. He had the advantage of following events from the standpoint of the most influential newspaper in western India, and his especial merit is that, being independent, he was enabled to direct a journal that was British beyond challenge through the crucial stage of responsible government down to the eve of independence. He realised the logic of events and faced the outcome without fear.

The India he knew and served was for some

two decades the theatre of a still unimpaired ruling power, and the seed-bed of a rapidly maturing public opinion. He sees Lord Curzon as the pivotal figure of the epoch. In ability and intellectual range that confident proconsul stood far above all other Governors-General after the transfer of authority from Company to Crown. His value to India, we are assured, is hardly to be overstated. But he could not realise that he stood at the end of an age, and hence, as Sir Stanley puts it, he made the mistake of doing things always for India instead of, wherever possible, working with and through Indians. The author can write of all Curzon's successors from personal knowledge, while his sketches of the Indian leaders, from Gandhi onwards, bear the mark of equally direct observation and critical understanding.

He started in Bombay before the old conditions began to give way under the influences that transformed the life of Europeans in the Indian cities. His training for editorship was more complete than that of any of his rivals, for he travelled over the country when it lay under the twin terrors of famine and plague. For the young Englishman all seasons were enjoyable. A small salary then sufficed for social amenities, for recreation and change of scene. With absorbing work, responsibility, and stimulating surroundings, what more, the author asks, could one ask for? And why, if good health were added, should there have been any lamentation over the imagined woes of exile? Sir Stanley Reed, moreover, was fortunate beyond the common for the reason that following his retirement from Bombay, he was elected, like John Wilkes, for Aylesbury and spent twelve fruitful years at Westminster. His book is a stirring record of life and labour amid men and movements that together make a unique chapter of history and for himself an enviable fulfilment.

Opera for the People

By Hubert Graf. Oxford. 40s.

Mr. Graf is the stage director of the Metropolitan Opera House, and has been responsible for operatic productions at Salzburg, Florence and elsewhere. Out of his experience he has written a book that will be of interest to all amateurs of opera. He discusses the aesthetics of opera as well as the practical problems of the stage and the economics of the theatre. And he goes on to make what the dust-cover calls 'a challenging proposal for a new kind of opera in America'.

Perhaps it is natural that the chapters on practical problems and organisation should be more successful than the discussion of the nature of opera. For though Mr. Graf has some interesting things to say about the musical structure of opera and about librettos, he does not get below the surface to fundamentals of opera as an art-form.

Although he serves an institution which, like Covent Garden in the old days, has specialised in the provision of opera in Italian, French or German, Mr. Graf is an out-and-out advocate of opera in the vernacular, that is in the English language. He is aware of the difficulties, among them being that of adequate translations and that of finding American singers for many of the leading parts in the repertory. Patrons of Covent Garden know all too well what that means. But theoretically the argument is unanswerable, especially as he allows the exception that festival performances—he instances Glyndebourne—should be given in the original language.

It is when we come to the 'challenging proposal' that we find a certain lack of caution in the author. He is all for operatic performances on a huge scale in vast, open-air theatres—a popular opera for the masses. Again theory

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cannot be entirely controverted. But we know in Europe the disastrous effects of these *ad fresco* performances, at which promising young singers tear their voices to ribbons all through the summer, so that when they return indoors they have lost what finesse in interpretation they may have had, as well as beauty of tone. The sorry state

of opera in Italy at present is a witness against Mr. Graf, who wins more sympathy by his enthusiasm for amateur efforts and educational propaganda. Besides, the kind of opera he advocates could hardly avoid sacrificing its claim to artistic integrity by appealing to the lowest intelligence in a mass audience. It is symptomatic

that Mr. Graf appears to see no harm in the debasement to which operas have been subjected in the cinema. Not the least valuable part of this uneven book is the series of photographs illustrating the developments in stage design and theatrical architecture during a couple of centuries, though the emphasis is on the present day.

New Novels

The Grass Harp. By Truman Capote. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Many are Called. By Edward Newhouse. Gollancz. 15s.

The Queerfella. By David Bone. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

HERE are three books, all by storytellers, highly professional writers, each with his separate idiom and admitted routine. Truman Capote is from that South which has been story-telling ever since, and perhaps before, Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit. The Southern joke—sometimes meant to be taken comically, as here, sometimes tragically, as in Faulkner's novels—is a joke of overstatement. Everything is exaggerated, most of the characters are or seem mad, and aunts and cousins and grandparents talk to one another in a language as lush as that of Dubliners who remain in Dublin. 'Once, back yonder when we were children (Verena still with her baby-teeth and Catherine no higher than a fence post) there were gypsies thick as birds in a blackberry patch—not like now, when maybe you see a few straggling through each year': that is how Truman Capote's people converse. Edward Newhouse, at the *New Yorker* end of the American scene, is the opposite. His is an art of understatement. 'Wyatt asked her if she would like to drive out in the morning and see the Pyramids, but she had already promised to go with General Crane', is the last sentence of a story whose first paragraph, beginning 'The slender tower of the villa was shaped like a Turkish minaret', skillfully sketches in the situation of Captain Wyatt who finds himself at the same party in Cairo as General Crane, of whom he is the adjutant. He is talking with a slightly intoxicated girl called Ruth Hofmann, whom he finds attractive, when the General comes over to ask him what are the four freedoms for which the democratic powers are fighting: particulars which the officers at the other end of the room have forgotten. Wyatt tells him, and then tries to date Ruth: only to discover—as that last sentence establishes—that she has already arranged to go and see the pyramids with the General.

In Newhouse's stories people talk as they might really talk, with quiet fidelity to idiom, according to their social position and region of origin. Sir David Bone takes us aboard the *Bryn Gower*, a 1,200 ton wind-jammer at the beginning of this century, and his ordinary seamen talk like this: '... Every ship 'as a queerfella on the books—a fella wot don't act reg'lar. I mean Stirrat, 'im wot's at the wheel now. It was 'im the bloody Mate 'ad a crack at when he was lyin' soused in 'is bunk. That's 'im. About as queer as they make 'em. Don't sleep none. Walks fore an' aft the deck, askin' 'isself questions near all night!'

Capote is much the most gifted and brilliant of these writers. Yet with all his charms of dialogue, humour, beautiful description, and writing, I cannot pretend to find his story very interesting. It is about a twelve-year-old boy called Collin, his much older cousin, Dolly Talbo, and Catherine, the coloured servant, who run away from home and go and live in a tree-house. The quaint ways of Dolly and Catherine the servant, and the sophistication of Collin are vividly enough presented. Dolly's sister, Verena,

from whom the others run away is 'a whip-thin, handsome woman with shingled pepper-salt hair, black, rather virile eyebrows and a dainty cheek mole'. Before the escape, this odd household is occupied in fabricating a remedy for dropsy, brewed and bottled by Dolly. It is sold at two dollars a bottle, and the only worry is lest it may actually kill someone. Dolly seems to spend most of the day writing to her customers: 'Do not touch sweet foods like candy and salt will kill you for certain'.

Truman Capote has fantasy and imagination. His weakness seems to be that he allows these qualities to slip over into the kind of exaggeration which is amusing in conversation but—however embroidered—tiresome after the first fifty pages of a novel. When you have read a good many Southern novels you begin to wonder what the tragi-farce of the South, which has made such a contribution to Southern writing, is all about. With Capote, it is partly the clash of an American sophistication, which is highly developed, with an exotic Southern setting. The writer loves both the sophistication and the simplicity; the strength of a genuine interest and passion makes his book superior to the other two here under review. The party in the tree-house consisting of the quaint Dolly (who is after all very clever in her way) and the little boy who has all the cleverness of Truman Capote himself, dramatises this contrast. These three have formed an alliance with the nature round them and they inhabit in the tree a kind of castle where they defend their own individual eccentricities against the conventional forces of life around them: 'There, stalking towards us, solemnly, stiffly, came a distinguished party: Judge Cool, the Reverend and Mrs. Buster, Mrs. Macy Wheeler; and leading them, Sheriff Junius Candle, who wore high-laced boots and had a pistol flapping on his hip. Sunmotes lilted around them like yellow butterflies, brambles brushed their starched town clothes, and Mrs. Macy Wheeler, frightened by a vine that switched against her leg, jumped back, screeching: I laughed'.

What is wearisome in *The Grass Harp* is the idea that 'craziness' is unfailingly amusing. Mr. Capote is one of the most talented younger writers in the language; but he seems in danger of spoiling himself—rather than being spoiled—by indulgence in his own whims. Yet when one turns to the far more varied and interesting subjects of Mr. Edward Newhouse, in his short stories, one sees that Capote is by far the more serious writer. Mr. Capote indulges himself. Mr. Newhouse indulges *The New Yorker*.

Yet Mr. Newhouse is intelligent, observant, and civilised. One of these stories, 'The War for Tony', demonstrates their virtues and their faults. Tony is the small and highly satisfactory son of Mike Ruellan. Mike, whose wife has died some years previously, has every reason to be delighted with Tony, and to be satisfied with the coloured nurse who looks after him in the absence of a mother. The Epsteins, elderly

childless neighbours, also take an interest in Tony and have—at the time of the story—given him a toy train so beautiful that the gift rather embarrasses the father. Mr. Epstein excuses his generosity by saying that his wife is 'having more pleasure with Tony than he'll ever get out of his train'. In the course of this neighbourly conversation Tony strolls on to the garden scene and reveals a disconcerting aspect of his character by observing that a Cadillac is the car he'll buy when he gets 'some Jew money'. Shortly after this the child's dog is run over. After the first shock of the news, Tony becomes interested in the posthumous fate of the dog. The following dialogue between him and his father takes place: "How long before he's a skeleton?" "It's hard to say" "Is Mommy a skeleton now?" Mike could feel the air rushing into his lungs. "No", he said too loudly. After this, Mike strolls back into the house where Cassie, the nurse, has the radio on. It is singing a commercial, 'a litany in praise of breakfast food, tasty, crunchy, muscle-building, vitamin irradiated. . . . A savage loathing for the happy fraudulent voices rose in Mike as a physical sensation. . . . For a moment (no longer than that) he saw these people as the skirmishers and vanguard of the forces marshalled against Tony. I'm the first line of defence, he thought, and all my fighting has to be done on Saturdays and Sundays. All right, then, it'll be done on Saturdays and Sundays; whatever happens, the bastards'll know they've been in a fight. "Cassie", he called out to the kitchen, "will you turn that radio lower, please? Much lower".'

This neatly-constructed story fails to convince completely. The reason is that Mr. Newhouse has raised a moral issue which turns against him. The reader cannot but reflect that the story itself belongs to the stream-lined world of Cadillacs and radios, so the gesture at the end, which is meant to be a symbol of the struggle of the forces fighting for a child's soul against mechanical devices, remains merely a gesture. This being said, 'The War for Tony' remains a strikingly objective picture of something true of the American scene: the genuine worriedness of parents about their children who are brought up in a world of television and Cadillacs. The same truthful observation is to be found in many other of the stories, which add up to a most interesting description of American life since and during the war, seen through the decent and tolerant eyes of an ace *New Yorker* writer.

After this, there is not much to say about *Queerfella*. It is an excellent yarn, in what is after all a very fine English tradition of seafaring story. The *Queerfella*—as my quotation above already indicates—is a *sine qua non* of sailing ship days corresponding to Melville's Handsome Sailor, Billy Budd. This story is indeed rather like a plot of Melville about such a person told by a writer with a strong and exact sense of local colour, but no philosophically inquiring turn of mind.

STEPHEN SPENDER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

In Defence of Dimbleby

TELEVISION NEEDS NEW VOICES. So perhaps does television criticism. Labouring the point, I take this chance of publicly resenting the assertion by a Scots gossip writer in a London newspaper last Sunday that Richard Dimbleby is 'one of the major bores in the wide sphere of entertainment'. This venomous piece of impertinence was posed as expressing a general sentiment. I think that Dimbleby has been too much with us and that he and we might gain from a more discriminating use of his services. That he has become a too-familiar television personality is due to his having mastered the medium with a thoroughness and an assurance which no other television figure can claim in the same degree. The charge that in doing so he has developed the stance of self-importance seems to me to be cheap. If it has any justification, let us

with its staff of regulars. Were it to do so we should suffer the dismay of having the programmes interrupted more often by the emergency 'Normal Service . . .' notice, which never fails to produce in me a feeling that television is, after all, a novelty of our time, a plaything like Yo-yo of when-was-it, or diabolio of some time before that. If Richard Dimbleby is to be a target for the slashing Mau Mau sort of criticism, let us recall his part in some of the hazardous enterprises of television in war and peace, requiring a good deal more nerve than—shall we say?—working out a column-

'Ah, he will do better next time'. He loses something on the way to us *via* the television short waves, some nuance of authority, of conviction, that sound radio never fails to bring out. For instance, he was not at his best in what one assumed was for him the congenial job of



Display of judo and kendo (Japanese sword drill) televised from the Royal Albert Hall on December 5

Photographs: John Cura

be fair and concede that it may be the least important thing about him and that he has certain balancing assets—reliability, sincerity, clarity, and a range of experience that is probably of even greater value to the producers of television than to those of us who view it.

Some, I know, would prefer a more mercurial personality and it is true that Dimbleby's predictability makes for dullness. Television cannot afford to take exceptional temperamental risks

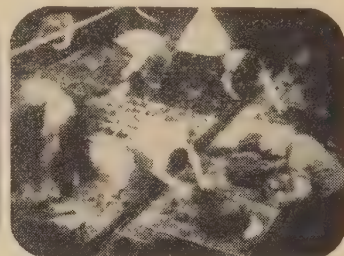
ist's expenses account or signing the bill in a restaurant. Several

times during the past year Dimbleby on television has seemed to be masking tiredness. Before it degenerates into exhaustion he should rest. He can do so in the assurance that a great many viewers hope and expect to see him at his best on the great television occasion that is coming. As for the new voices, no special attempt, as far as I can discover, is being made to find them, nor are there very obvious signs that television realises how welcome they would be to the viewers. One of the surprising disappointments is Wynford Vaughan Thomas, a paladin among the sound radio commentators and, one would have thought, a 'natural' for television. Hearing him, I have again and again said to myself:

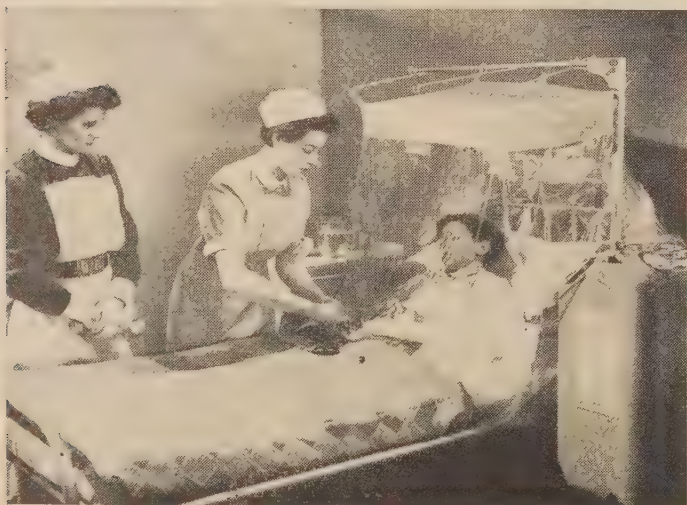
supplying the verbal accompaniment of the cameras during their visit to the tinplate works at Melingriffith in his native Wales. It was the cameras that made all the points there, particularly in revealing to us the dancing steps of the workers engaged in one of the processes.

They had scored again only a few days before in the same 'Other People's Jobs' series, when they went down to the coal face at Tillicoultry mine, Clackmannanshire. This was entirely interesting and continuously instructive television. Only a high order of organisation and co-operation could have given us those pictures, which had the effect of communicating so convincingly the claustrophobia of the pit that one viewer known to me slumped desperately in her chair at home. The incidental facial studies of the miners were most effective, as were some of the interviews conducted in what looked to be circumstances of extreme discomfort. The programme was a triumph of imaginative forethought, a compliment to the men whose duties and dangers were brought so vividly before us.

Another programme that soared well above



As seen by viewers: 'Other People's Jobs'—the television cameras at Tillicoultry mine, Clackmannanshire. Left, interview at the coal face; right, sorting coal on a conveyer belt

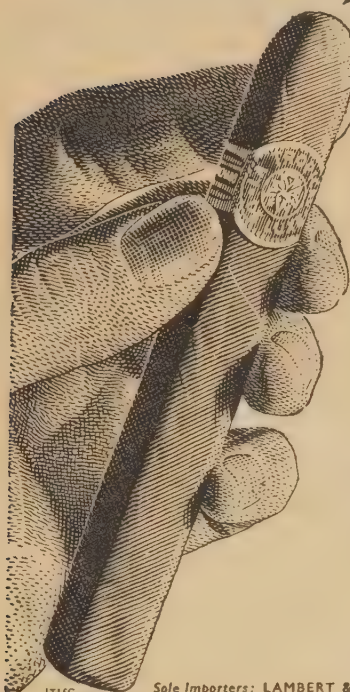


Scene*from the documentary programme 'To Save a Life'—a story of night duty in a London hospital—televised on December 5



Jeanne Heal looking at costumes in the exhibition 'Elizabeth to Elizabeth' at Hutchinson House in the programme 'Two Hundred Years of Fashion'

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the casually significant was the first in the new 'International Commentary' series, with Christopher Mayhew, M.P., again taking over the role of chairman at his own lecture. The theme was the ticklish one of race relations in the Union of South Africa, and there can have been few viewers who did not find it absorbing in treatment as in content. A balance was fairly kept in weighing the pros and cons of a terrible controversy of the modern world and the result was a noteworthy contribution to civilised discussion, for which the producer, Grace Wyndham Goldie, deserved our thanks. I recall only one flaw in Mayhew's very reasonable summing-up, when he took the opportunity of reminding us that here at home we have been guilty of acts of race discrimination, naming the expulsion of the Italian miners as an example. He implied that this indicted the nation. I consider him wrong. It indicted the miners who took the decision. The African film excerpts, though somewhat scrappy, helped to give vitality to the programme and to the arguments which sustained it. 'International Commentary' is a series which broadens the mind and enhances the prestige of television.

The work of the Television Film Unit also embellished 'Special Enquiry', dealing with problems of contemporary village life. Film sequences obtained in Devonshire were a large part of its visual attractiveness, though I wondered why Devonshire. There are villages much nearer London having as few amenities as the one pictured and that is a still more remarkable fact and, incidentally, a less expensive one to record. The Television Film Unit has a rapidly expanding responsibility: that is clear.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Waiting for It

FOR SOME the year 1812 may mean the Retreat from Moscow, Tchaikovsky, or the tale of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. For me it recalls Spanish punitive methods in Venezuela. This is erudition indeed; still, after hearing 'Montserrat' (Third), the business is bound to be in one's mind. The play, which has come circuitously to radio by way of Peter Watts' adaptation of Lillian Hellman's version of a drama by Emmanuel Roblès, is a study in torment. It had power enough to turn the dirty mat of fog swung outside my window to the dust and the hot, knifing sun of a Venezuelan town. A Spanish captain, Montserrat, has helped Simón Bolívar, the 'Liberator', to escape: unless he says within one hour where Bolívar is, his warped Colonel will shoot six innocent hostages taken at random from the town square of Valencia. Neither man will give way. It is a grim conflict between idealist and fanatic.

In the theatre the play seemed to be monotonous and repellent. It was far less monotonous on the air; Mr. Watts had trimmed the procession of protracted death. But the theme still repelled. One sat in a dentist's chair, having tooth after tooth drawn, without gas. While I admired the performance, I was heartily glad when the last shots had been fired. Now, I said, to forget it—and found it impossible to forget. It is a tale that goes on working in the mind, making you curious about the figures of Bolívar and of the senile Military Governor who lets the horror drag through the blazing afternoon. They are unheard: we hear them in imagination. All credit to Mr. Watts for creating the atmosphere so sharply. Hugh Burden's ruthless Colonel ('I want Bolívar') loomed over the piece—Montserrat himself must suffer for long periods in silence—and I shall remember, too, Joan Hart as one of the doomed six. Strong undeniably; but it is an unnecessary play.

I would not say that about 'The Mystery of the Empty Ship' (Home), which held me breathing hoarsely into the radio set, and will do so on two more Sunday afternoons. This is Lance Sieveking's version of that fantastically exciting novel *The Wrecker*, by R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. The authors keep us waiting for the solution; it is a wait of pure pleasure. On Sunday, though Mr. Sieveking got us to San Francisco at once, he managed cunningly to hint at the early Parisian scenes. All was clear from the moment that Loudon Dodd, the 'Americo-Parisienne sculptor' of Jim Pinkerton's peculiarly vile phrase, and Jim himself, crying 'You've got real culture', met again in 'Frisco. Guy Kingsley Poynter (Loudon) and John Glen (Jim) sounded alike to me at first; but this did not last: Cleland Finn had the production well in hand. Already the tale of the *Flying Scud* had developed its tension. Wait for next week's Powerful Instalment.

Now two more waits. During 'The Al Read Show' (Light) I began to laugh feverishly just because others were laughing. This is no time to peel the chestnut of the studio audience and its service (or otherwise) to mankind; but radio laughter during the half-hour was absurdly contagious: it reminded me of a famous Cicely Courtneidge sketch. What were we laughing at? I have no idea: something, I believe, about a driving test: for most of the evening I was waiting to hear the joke. Not that it mattered: Al Read (I assume, wiping my eyes) must be uncommonly funny: I have now to search for confirmation. During a very different programme, 'Skeletons and Assegais' (Third) I waited to laugh, but with little aid. Angus Wilson's reputation as a wit is firm: this venture into family history appeared to plod. Maybe it looks better in the text.

Finally, three celebrated plays governed by three performances: Alec Clunes' richly judged Dick in 'The Devil's Disciple' (Light); Richard Bebb's nervous power as Chris in Allan Monkhouse's 'The Conquering Hero' (Home); and Athene Seyler's bubble-pipe voice as Judith in 'Hay Fever' (Home) in which I wait for that wild last debate on Parisian topography. The week, by the way, brought an odd epidemic of script-rustling. Has it been hard sometimes to turn over a new leaf?

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Literary Lights

WHEN I PREPARED MYSELF to listen to Jack Loudan's 'The Brontës in Ulster' I expected to be interested but I did not anticipate much excitement. Genealogical trees are, after all, rather dry stuff and I supposed that the influence on Charlotte and Emily of their Ulster parentage would be claimed by the quotations from their work which seemed to have a Northern Irish smack about them. But the influence, as it turned out, lay in something much more tangible, namely in various anecdotes from family history told to them by their father, the Reverend Patrick Brontë, who had himself been born in County Down. These reminiscences, Mr. Loudan has discovered, can be traced unmistakably and extensively in Emily's *Wuthering Heights*, and Heathcliff, of all unlikely characters, proves to have been an actual person with a name only slightly different, whose career bore a close resemblance to that shown in the novel. Mr. Loudan pointed to traces in *Jane Eyre*, too, including an actual phrase which Charlotte recalled from one of the anecdotes. I hope Mr. Loudan will publish his fascinating discoveries.

Later in the week we dropped back two and a half centuries to the poet Spenser. 'Is he the "Poet's Poet"?' was the fourth and last of the

talks which have accompanied the readings from *The Faerie Queene*, and the talker was William Empson. The question is one of those which depend for its answer on what you mean by it. It might mean, said Mr. Empson, that Spenser's poetry is quintessential or that he is a poet to whom all later poets return. But, so far from being quintessential, Spenser is diffuse and his use of words is, as Mr. Empson put it, flat. It is, in fact, this diffuseness and lack of precision which are the cause of my own luke-warmness towards Spenser, and it reassured me when he, too, confessed to a resistance to him. But Spenser, he told us, introduced no less than fourteen new forms into English poetry and, of these fourteen, ten have been used ever since, so that in this sense he may be called the poet's poet. And in his own day he earned the title also by civilising our language, refining it into a medium for poetic expression. When Mr. Empson said that, I wondered for a moment if he had forgotten Chaucer; but no, it was the Elizabethans, as he went on to explain, who had done that; or rather, the transformation of the language during the previous two centuries had made it impossible for them to regard Chaucer as anything better than a barbarian whose verses did not scan. I found this a most enlightening talk. Mr. Empson is a very good broadcaster, lively, humorous, and with a style all his own; indeed, the only fault I can find with him is that he pauses two seconds too long between his paragraphs so that the anxious listener suspects, each time, a technical hitch or a premature end to the talk.

At present a very entertaining quarter-of-an-hour may be spent on Sunday mornings with a 'Framed Portrait'. Each is a portrait of a famous character in fiction and it is largely a self-portrait. At the beginning of last week, for instance, the egregious Mrs. Elton, wife of the Rev. Philip Elton, exhibited herself for the most part in the words with which Jane Austen endowed her in *Emma*. The frame—namely the required introduction and the connecting links between the talking—had been supplied with great economy and deftness by Elizabeth Jenkins. The reader was Mary O'Farrell and she made a most entertaining thing of it, although I wondered whether she might not have given just a tinge of vulgarity, or better still, perhaps, of over-refinement, to the lady's accent.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

New Symphonies

HINDEMITH'S SYMPHONY in E flat must have been new to most listeners, for its previous broadcast took place eight years ago when we were otherwise preoccupied. It is odd that it should not have found its way into the fairly comprehensive survey of Hindemith's music made in the Third Programme during the composer's visit to this country. For it is a likeable and accessible work, quite free from the spikiness and machine-like counterpoint which antagonised audiences against his early *Kammermusik*. The Symphony is even plainer than the music of 'Mathis', and in form adheres to the normal German classical pattern with four movements, the first having two easily recognisable and contrasted 'subjects'.

Perhaps it was the key of the work that suggested that this was an essay in the heroic style. But one had only to make the comparison between Hindemith's finale and the 'Eroica' variations to dismiss it. The modern work never comes within reach of the grandeur and spaciousness of the old. Yet we need not, on that account, fail to recognise the real, if spare, beauty of the slow movement, and the vitality of the rest. Germany has not shown signs of pro-

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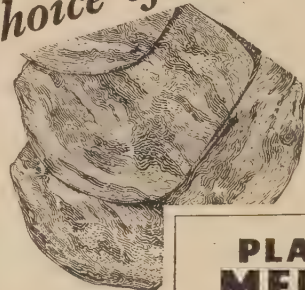
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ducing any composer as good in the younger generation. At least I perceive no such merit in the crabbed music of Hartmann, the overloaded *pastiche* of Werner Egk's 'French Suite' (played at one of Schmidt-Isserstedt's recent concerts) or the crude neo-barbarism of Carl Orff.

At this same concert, conducted by Clarence Raybould with a firmness which secured a first-rate performance of the 'Coriolan' Overture, but a less satisfactory one of Delius' 'Brigg Fair', Harry Danks played a new Viola Concerto by Quincy Porter, an American with a cosmopolitan education. This is a distinguished piece of work with a beautiful opening move-

ment, and is skilfully laid out even in the louder passages to allow the protagonist to make himself heard. Mr. Danks played it excellently and suavely, if with something more of violin-quality in the treble than of the true veiled viola-tone.

Earlier in the week Trevor Harvey conducted the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra in a performance of Iain Hamilton's Symphony No. 1, a work written while the composer was still a student. Taking that fact into account, one must admire its accomplishment, and in regard to the slow movement even that reservation need not be made. But it was a mistake to let the work go forth with the title 'Cyrano de Bergerac'; for the music never suggested adequately the Gascon

panache or the eloquence of Rostand's hero.

Haydn's 'The Creation' was given a performance under Sir Malcolm Sargent which may be described as 'slap-up' so far as chorus and orchestra were concerned. Of the soloists Norman Walker was sure and resonant as usual, but I hope the soprano paid attention to Franklyn Kelsey's lectures on voice-production.

A re-hearing of Britten's version of 'The Beggar's Opera' did not alter my previous opinion that this is a spoiling of good tunes and makes a sour entertainment. Frederick Austin and Lovat Fraser may have over-fantasticated it, but at the time, at least, it was good fun.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bartók's Opera

By COLIN MASON

'Duke Bluebeard's Castle' will be broadcast at 7.40 p.m. on Friday, December 19, and 8.55 p.m. on Saturday, December 20 (both Third)

DUKE Bluebeard's Castle', an opera in one act, the first of Bartók's three works for the stage, was written in 1911, and was submitted, unsuccessfully, for an opera competition in Budapest in the next year. Little else is known about the circumstances in which it was conceived. Béla Balázs, whose libretto it is, relates how one morning Marta, Bartók's wife, rushed in and dragged him off to their nearby flat, where without a word of preparation Bartók played him the score, which he had finished half-an-hour before. That was the first that Balázs knew of it. He had written the text (with some debt to Maeterlinck) some time before, as a self-sufficient symbolic drama, or 'mystery' as he calls it, although not without some thought of it as a possible opera libretto for Kodály or Bartók, with both of whom he was on terms of close friendship.

The choice of a very literary play, and the obvious link through Maeterlinck, suggest that Bartók was considerably influenced by Debussy's 'Pelléas et Mélisande'. His admiration for Debussy was then at its height, for it was only a year or two earlier that, infected by Kodály's enthusiasm, he had very belatedly come to see the importance of Debussy's music, and only in the 'Deux Images', written the year before, that he had appreciably profited by it. In 'Bluebeard' the influence is strongest in the general conception, but is also evident in the music, above all in the character of the vocal writing, the careful treatment of the words, and in the orchestration. Some of the harmony, however, the concise form, and the intensely dramatic realisation of a play intended for the poetry shelf rather than the stage, suggest another very literary opera, 'Salomé'. Bartók had outgrown the great admiration for Strauss that he had felt in his early twenties, but in his general outlook on music he had a greater natural temperamental affinity with the Germans than with the French, and this persisted. Like 'Salomé', Bartók's opera is a symphonic as much as an operatic masterpiece, which nevertheless belongs essentially to the theatre.

The source of the tremendous dramatic effect of 'Bluebeard' is the intense concentration of the musical form. It plays for only an hour, during which seven door-scenes are fully represented in the music, each with entirely different thematic material, which is extensively developed in such a way as to bring these themes into relation and perspective with the whole, and also to lead without a break into the next scene. Bartók's ingenious method of holding the scenes together is by means of a musical symbol for

the constantly recurring theme of blood, by which all the music in which the relationship of Bluebeard and Judith is developed (i.e. the second part of each door-scene, after Judith's discovery of the blood each time) is linked. This method suggests that in his choice of this play he was influenced by his awareness of the suitability of the peculiar musical needs of its dramatic form to his own special talents. Themes poured from him, but he was also, perhaps because he realised the necessity of controlling this stream of invention, always greatly concerned with form. The seven door-scenes offered many opportunities for his fertile invention, and the problem of working them into a concise, coherent form appealed to the formalist in him. The unique musical structure devised for 'Bluebeard' could never be repeated, but similar characteristics may be found in the form of every one of Bartók's major symphonic works. The separate movements and larger formal periods are always balanced with a severe symmetry or quasi-symmetry, but the periods themselves are an intricate mosaic of tiny fragments, of almost bewildering contrast and variety.

The constancy of this characteristic in Bartók's formal style is well illustrated in a work written at the other end of his career, the Concerto for Orchestra, which has many direct links with 'Bluebeard', links which may give to those who know the later work better some idea of the importance of the earlier. There is a striking resemblance between their opening phrases, both announced softly by the lower strings, both in the tonal region of F sharp, and confined to the notes of its pentatonic scale. Further similarities are to be found in the harmonies introduced above these phrases with the entry of other thematic material; and there is an extended parallel between the accompaniments to the first theme for the trumpets in the Concerto, and the passage in the opera beginning with Judith's 'So this is where Bluebeard lives! Without windows? Always dark?', beneath both of which the lower strings have an ostinato-like accompaniment in steady quavers in three-four time, with harmony based on the interval of the perfect fourth. It can hardly be mere coincidence that the further references to these themes in the Elegy of the Concerto are juxtaposed with mysterious and beautiful passages of gurgling arpeggios for clarinet, flute and harp, strongly recalling the scene of the lake of tears in the opera.

This remarkable resemblance is not merely an anticipation in the opera of the style of the Concerto. 'Bluebeard' is a fully mature work, in which there is nothing tentative or 'anticipa-

tory'. The explanation is to be sought rather in the circumstances of composition of the Concerto in 1943, Bartók's first major work since his emigration to America in 1940. It was the work of a very homesick exile, whose memories, inevitably, were of the years before the first world war, the years of his discovery and most intensive collection of Hungarian peasant songs, in many ways the happiest years of his life, when his enthusiasm for a national art was at its height, and when that ideal seemed most attainable. 'Bluebeard' was the most important product of those years: important for Hungarian music, as the first truly Hungarian opera, with an authentic national vocal style based on the characteristic melodic, cadential and rhythmic inflections of genuine Hungarian folksong; and important to Bartók as the greatest work he had yet produced, his first orchestral masterpiece.

But if, owing to our better knowledge of the later works, the similarity between the Concerto and 'Bluebeard' at first interests us most for the light it throws on the opera, 'Bluebeard' in turn, by its own individuality, and by drawing our attention, through that individuality, to Bartók's other early music, of which we are curiously ignorant, may throw some new light on the Concerto, and dispel certain common misconceptions about Bartók's late works in general. For 'Bluebeard' is one of a number of great works, including the orchestral Suite No. 2 and the Four Orchestral Pieces, which in spite of some crudities in the former are, in relation to Bartók's output, what 'The Firebird', 'Petrushka' and 'The Rite of Spring' are to Stravinsky's, or 'Gurrelieder', the Chamber Symphony No. 1, and 'Erwartung' to Schönberg's. And the acute nostalgia for 'Bluebeard' in the Concerto is only the most striking manifestation of a general reversion in the works that Bartók wrote after 1934, and especially after 1940, to a style which has more in common, in general character, with the music that he wrote between 1907 and 1916, than with that of the intermediate works. Increasing familiarity with this early music will make it clear that the reversion is exactly parallel to that often observed in Bartók's two great contemporaries, and will explode the legend, created by some of the admirers of Bartók's middle period, of a 'decline in his powers' or an 'attempt at a more popular style' in his later works.

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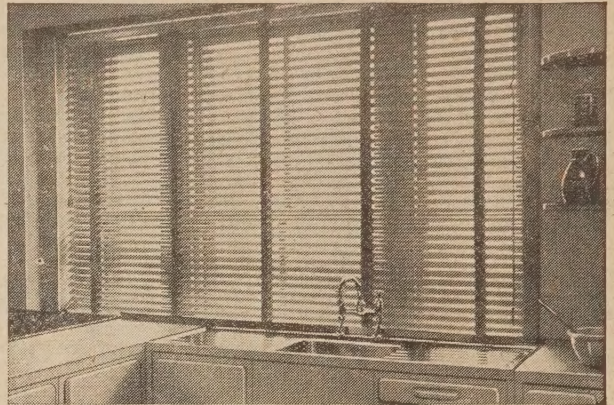
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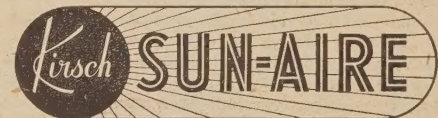
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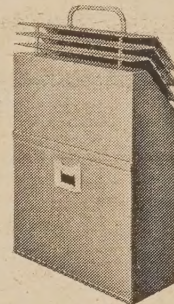
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOW TO DEAL WITH STAINS

THE FIRST THING to remember when dealing with stains is the importance of acting quickly. If you tackle a spill at once it will not have time to sink into the fibres of the material. So it pays to rush to the spot with a clean cloth wrung out in tepid water. This first-aid treatment may remove the stain entirely, and you will not have to bother about any more complicated applications.

But suppose you do have to apply a cleaning solution to a stain, I expect you know how to avoid rings round the place you are treating: it is just a matter of working well outside the stain itself, to begin with, and then closing in gradually on the enemy in the centre—working round and round with only light pressure. And it is always wise, with a coloured fabric, to make a preliminary test on a piece that does not show.

You should arrange the stained material over a piece of clean absorbent material when you are dealing with it—a piece of old sheet does very well, or an old towel. An old handkerchief is excellent for soaking up a stain as it is loosened.

What should we keep by us for emergencies in the way of cleaning solutions? Certainly a grease solvent, for coping with fatty stains. Cleaning benzine is the best known of these, but there are plenty of good proprietary brands of solvent—and they are sold with full instructions for use. (By the way, always use them by an open window.) And here is a hint about working with these grease solvents. Begin by taking a piece of clean blotting paper and damping it with the solvent; then press the paper on to the stain with your finger. Do this once or twice before you start working with your piece of soft cloth. The blotting paper helps to shift any surface deposit.

Next, I would say, keep some methylated spirits handy—but not so handy that junior

members of the family can get hold of it. Methylated spirits is particularly useful for shifting ball-point pen ink, and shoe polish, and grass stains. Another stand-by is borax. Borax is the thing for moving tea and coffee stains, and cocoa and fruit spills. It is best to make a solution with half-a-pint of warm water plus about a teaspoonful of borax. You want to sop this on to the stain—and give a gentle rub with a finger-end. Finally rinse the material with clear, warm water.

Then I must not forget glycerine. This has a loosening effect on quite a number of stains. For example, suppose you have a really rather bad coffee or fruit discoloration. Before you treat it with borax, dab on a little glycerine, work it in gently, and then rinse it out with warm water. Another stain which glycerine often helps with is lipstick. But lipstick usually yields to a quick shampoo with a synthetic detergent. These detergents are a great help generally with stains.

I know I have not mentioned various poisonous chemicals which people use for cleaning. To begin with, I am dubious about keeping deadly mixtures lurking round the house. And often these chemicals make staining disasters worse instead of better. I am not saying they will not move stains successfully—they will, in experienced hands. But inexperienced users may find dyes running or holes appearing. Household bleaches are often a great help in removing stains—provided they are not used in too strong a solution, and provided the material gets a thorough rinse to finish up with.

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and simmer gently for twenty minutes, serving the juice as a sauce. After all, we eat apple sauce with roast pork, to counteract the richness—so why not cider with pork sausages?

JOHN MERRETT

Notes on Contributors

AIR VICE-MARSHAL C. A. BOUCHIER, C.B., C.B.E., D.F.C. (page 963): British Chiefs of Staff Representative, United Nations Command Headquarters, Tokyo, July, 1950-October, 1952; A.O.C., British Commonwealth Air Forces of Occupation, Japan, 1946-48.

SIR DAVID KELLY, G.C.M.G., M.C. (page 964): British Ambassador in Moscow, 1949-51; author of *The Ruling Few*, etc.

QUINTUS DELILKHAH (page 967): contributor to the journal of the United National Party in Ceylon.

DAVID KEIR (page 975): political correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, 1933-40; journalist, and author of *The House of Collins*, *Newspapers*, etc.

A. R. UBELOHDE, F.R.S. (page 977): Professor of Chemistry, the Queen's University, Belfast, since 1945; Dean of the Faculty of Science, 1947-51; author of *An Introduction to Modern Thermodynamical Principles*, etc.

THE RT. HON. LORD EUSTACE PERCY (page 981): Rector of King's College, Newcastle, Durham University, 1937-52, sometime Vice-Chancellor of Durham University; M.P. (Unionist) for Hastings, 1927-37; Minister without Portfolio, 1935-36; President, Board of Education, 1924-29; author of *Government in Transition*, *Democracy on Trial*, etc.

THE REV. OLIVER S. TOMKINS (page 983): Associate General Secretary, World Council of Churches; author of *Three Meanings of East and West*, etc.

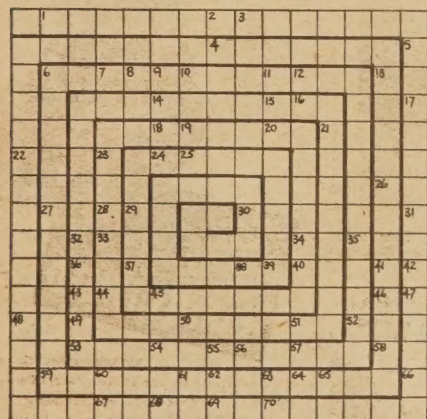
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The lights consist of twelve sets of words, extracted from quotations, moving in a clockwise spiral. The last three letters of each set form the first three of the next. No notice is taken of punctuation or of apostrophes denoting the omission of letters. Each of the following twelve quotations contains one set (and not more than one) of words which form the spiral lights. The number in brackets after each quotation denotes the number of letters in the set to be extracted.

To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And 58-59, 4-2 a place in the story' (W. Shakespeare) (21).

'And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy 55-59, 69-68?' (W. Blake) (16).

'Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever 48-36, 7-18 heard' (J. Armstrong) (14).

'46-47, 6-1 Michael 17-5, 21-13. Andrea del Sarto appears for a moment at a window. Pippa 25-24, 37-44, 49-43' (M. Beerbohm) (31).

'And slowly answered Arthur from the barge;
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new!'
(A. 70-64, 57-65, 60-67, 39-40) (29).

'So 30-45, that is o'er kind,
To all that be,
Ordains us e'en as blind,
As bold as she' (R. Kipling) (19).

'Where fierce indignation can no longer tear the heart',
'Ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor 66-58, 19-10, 34-35 nequit' (Swift's epitaph) (26).

'From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where 54-61, 29-28, 14-18 sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand' (R. Heber) (17).

'Why came I so untimely forth
Into a 63-56, 27-23 which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no 55-62, 3-12
Or shadow of felicity?' (E. Waller) (11).

'Over a ledge of granite
Into a granite 8-9, 52-51 the amber torrent descended'.
(A. H. Clough) (31).

'These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled',
(32-33, 22-23 Edward Housman) (21).

'He weaves, and is clothed with demision;
Sows, and he shall not reap';
(A. C. Swinburne: '15-11, 20-16, 26-31, 41-42 in Caledon') (22).

Solution of No. 1,178

B	L	U	E	R	U	I	N	A	D	R	O	I	T
A	N	E	A	N	C	L	R	E	D	E			
O	N	C	E	I	N	A	B	L	E	M	O	O	N
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A	U	N	T	I	M	P	R	E	S	A	R	I	O
B	S	A	S	U	O	M	O	O					
S	T	A	T	I	C	S	B	A	F	F	I	N	
B	R	R	H	E	K	S	E						
E	S	A	I	A	S	K	N	E	E	C	A	P	
R	I	B	S	S	R	N	B						
G	U	N	L	I	C	E	N	C	E				
A	E	S	M	O	F	T	I	L					
M	A	D	A	M	E	N	T	A	L	I	N	I	
O	L	U	Y	C	I	T	I	A					
T	H	R	S	I	B	E	T	R	A	V	A	L	

Prizewinners:
1st prize: W. W. Brown (Manchester);
2nd prize: H. G. A. Peters (Darwen); 3rd prize: H. S. Cotterill (Manchester).
7D. Ingoldsby, 'Jackdaw of Rheims', end. 8D. Tennyson's Sir Galahad, 'my strength is as the strength of ten'. 9D. Strength of cigars: 'Maduro', 'colorado', 'claro'. 11A. 'still running'. 13 D. 'Beachcomber' in the *Daily Express*. 17D. Sonnet 49, Bray 104, 18A. Isaiah is so spelt throughout the N.T. 20D. *Pickwick*, Chap. 2, 21D. 'Paradise Regained', Bk. 2, 149, 24D. *Last Poems*. 35, 25A. See *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chap. X, 26A. The plural given in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*.

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